TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 29 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 133

## Around Town.

Even after a week has elapsed since the elections it is almost impossible to find any lesson in the success of the Government, to teach us that politics is an elevating pursuit or that principles, no matter how lofty they may be, have any considerable weight with electors shackled by party prejudices and absorbed by care for material advantages. The contest through which the province has just passed was rather an unusual one, the Government going to the country without any programme and appealing to the electors for a continuance of their support on the not too high ground that the resources of the province had been fairly husbanded and that it was improbable the Opposition would be as honest as the past administration had been. Mr. Meredith on the other hand, while not conceding that the Mowat Government had been without blemish and urging many instances as proof that Mr. Mowat had utilized his power to enrich certain of his followers, based his appeal largely on the general principles which should underlie all responsible government—principles which had been glaringly violated by the Mowat administration. The elector was shown the clearest possible proof that the Roman Catholic Church had been permitted to usurp functions belonging to civil government only, that the Separate school had become in reality a part of the church establishment, that the French schools instead of having been reformed were still a great and growing menace to English institutions in this province. The Reformers were also shown how the grand principles for which they had once fought had been abandoned not only in Quebec, but in Ontario, in order that so-called Reform governments might obtain and retain power. A partnership between the Reformers and the hierarchy in Quebec, and a partnership between the same bodies in Ontario, were distinctly proven. It was shown that their old principle of representation by population was abandoned when minority representation was established in Toronto, that their old fight against the connection between church and state had been abandoned, that their fight against the policy of the old Family Compact had been abandoned, and the appointment by Mr. Mowat of his own son to the shrievalty of Toronto, was urged as a striking illustration in the later case. Everyone could see that the Liberal-Conservative party were contending for principles once held dear by Reformers, but it made no difference. In Toronto the large vote cast for the Equal Rights candidates showed, and the fact that nearly all the cities were carried by Conservatives shows, that in urban localities the people are keenly alive to the aggression of the church, but in rural communities this feeling does not seem to have taken hold of the masses. In nearly every rural constituency the Equal Righters returned to their old party allegiance, Dr. Caven's letters being sufficient excuse for the Reformers and the conduct of the Reform section of the organization being excuse enough for the Conservatives. While I do not seek to impugn the honesty of Dr. Caven, his public expressions have certainly been most inconsistent and that he has utilized his influence to assist a government pledged to support, and continue unrestricted by possible legislation, the separate school system, is glaringly incongruous with the Equal Rights platform, and it has been by his influence quite largely that the improper alliance between church and state has been continued, the church no doubt feeling more certain of its ground and the Government more than ever convinced of the necessity and popular approval of the alliance.

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The offences which are urged against the Mowat Government are not largely those which touch people's pockets, and so long as it can be shown the elector that his taxes have not been increased he seems careless whether or not his liberties have been decreased or the foundation upon which our government is based has been undermined. It is also true that an appeal for or against a religious sect, even though the doctrines of that sect are not discussed, is felt to be but a revival of old time attempts to obtain power by creating sectarian strife. The whole policy of the Government was to becloud the issue by creating the impression that Mr. Meredith had entered upon a "No Popery" crusade. That such was absolutely untrue made no difference. So many electors regard politics as a game, so many are there who laugh whenever an attempt is made to prove that great principles are at stake and who, while good-living and God-fearing themselves, believe that politicians are insincere in their words and sinister in their methods, that any attempt to place principle before party becomes an utter failure. One cannot blame the Roman Catholic Church for obtaining all the power and privileges which a government can be coaxed or coerced into granting, but it is astounding to see its efforts abetted by those who are so eager both in and out of the pulpit to denounce the dogmas and practices of the church which is their ally in politics. No one can prove by any word I have said or written that I am bigoted against the Church of Rome. Indeed I have incurred much criticism by frequently defending the institutions of the church against the slanders of ex-priests, ex-nuns, and those zealots who believe they are doing God's service by alleging what seems to me false and slanderous against self-sacrificing teachers and religious orders. Yet those who listen to and applaud the opinions of such proselytes, clergymen who speak of the historical church as the Scarlet Woman, the Daughter of Babylon, when it comes to casting their ballots show the same bigotry in politics that they do in religion and assist in perpetuating in civil affairs the unjustifiable privileges of a religious denomination, the dogmas of which are the subject of their often unjustifiable attacks. These I esteem to be the true bigots. Certainly those should not be called bigots who make no attack upon the church except where they find the church intruding upon civil rights, the defence of which is the true province of politics.

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It has been said that Mr. Meredith failed to gain the confidence of the electors, that they did not believe him to be sincere in his utterances and not to be relied upon to maintain his attitude. Without believing that the elector is thoroughly illogical and incapable of seeing what is obvious, this assertion cannot be maintained. On one hand was the Reform party, owing its power and existence to the fact that the Roman Catholics of this province were almost unanimously its supporters, a party which had pledged itself in the Legislature and on the hustings to maintain unchanged the present condition of affairs, a party which could not desert this position without at once kicking from under it the prop which held it in place, and on the other hand Mr. Meredith and his party in this province who, had they obtained power, would have been forced by their ante-election promises and the support they had obtained by a definite declaration of their opposition to clericalism to undertake the reforms they had urged or suffer immediate defeat at the hands of those who supported them for no other reason than their opposition to the alliance between the Reform party and the hierarchy. In some instances ante-election promises mean but little, but when the issue is so squarely defined no change can possibly occur in the attitude of the victorious party and when the elector endeavored to excuse himself by pretending that he had no faith that Mr. Meredith would do as he promised, he was but betraying the desire of an uneasy conscience to lay the blame for his breach of duty at somebody's else door. Moreover, Mr. Meredith's speeches throughout the province were no doubt the most manly and straightforward utterances made by any politician of recent years. Sincerity was breathed in every word and honest zeal vibrated in every tone. The odds, however, were too great for him, the army of officials which Mr. Mowat gathered about him, the fight made by the Grand Trunk Railway, the influence of the legion of License commissioners and inspectors, together with the almost solid Roman Catholic vote, had more than half won the battle of the ballot weeks before the dawning of voting day.

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I fear that it will be long before any political party again espouses a great principle, hopeful that the electors will believe in the sincerity of its protestations. It is saddening to think that in a fight for the right, no matter what its previous record may have been, the Liberal-Conservative party of this province has been signally defeated. It may not in a material way greatly affect the government of this province that Mr. Mowat has been returned, but it must have a most unfortunate effect on politics that a party with nothing to urge but a comparatively clean record in material things and an entire abandonment of all principles in so-called sentimental things should be able to defeat a party urging the grandest principles and having no governmental record which might reasonably lead electors to expect them to fail to fulfil the duties of public office. It may be said that Mr. Meredith's attitude on the boundary question proved him willing to sacrifice the interests of his province in order to retain the favor of his political chief at Ottawa. I do not admit the truth of the premises, nor does it seem possible that a mistake, if it were a mistake, should forever damn a man who has spent the best eighteen years of his life in the service of his province, when that man's whole public record, always open to the bitterest and most unscrupulous criticism of his opponents, has not been besmirched by a single charge, nor has it even been hinted that a dollar of public or private bribe has ever crossed his palm. The whole campaign is another proof that the majority of people do not care what happens so long as it does not happen to them. That their taxes have not been increased seems to be sufficient reason for a display of utter indifference as to whether the battles for complete civil liberty in the past may have to be fought over again. I believe in the people and that their verdict is right, but with this acknowledgment comes the conviction that those who believe that sentiment has a more powerful influence than the tax paper or even the fear that the amount may be increased, are wrong. There can be no other conclusion except that sentimental politics cannot be preached by an old party but must be the message of new evangelists raised up for the occasion and thoroughly discarding party names and party lines. If this latter be true who can blame the old parties for their refusal to appeal to the people on principle? Does it not justify a politician in believing that the retention of office means the abandonment of principle, the repudiation of friends who cease to be useful, and the adoption of whatever seems for the moment to be popular. If principles cannot be successfully adopted by the old political parties then we must expect the old parties to fight against principles and to seek to survive by trickery and corruption. Mr. Meredith in parliament has not been a partisan, but has done his best to properly mould the legislation of his native province, yet in the contest just closed his patriotism has been sneered at and his motives impugned. Those who professed to have principle at stake fought his past when his present was almost identical with their own, and yet we ask our public men to do right and to believe in the public appreciation of right-doing! Unless we propose to raise up a new party to urge every new principle this is cruelly absurd. We can effect reforms quicker and more permanently within than without the old parties, and while I believe in revolting against political factions which refuse to assist in reforms, I cannot, with due deference to the sincere Equal Righters, admit that we should fight those who are willing to do what is right.

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I have been unusually interested in the case of Eugene Cowles who, after abducting his daughter, came to Canada and wound up by being shot by his brother-in-law in Montreal. Ordinarily I avoid discussing sensational episodes of this sort, but I happen to know Eugene Cowles, and a couple of years ago crossed the Atlantic with him and the woman who caused all the trouble. He introduced her to me as his widowed sister, and I confess I was unaware, until the recent episode revealed the fact, that I had been deceived. Cowles was rather an ill-favored fellow in appearance, but with all his petulance and overbearing manners there was considerable of the good fellow about him. His companion was not unlike him, and the sister business was an easy deception. She was not handsome, but vivacious, and I can remember that I thought her an exceedingly attentive sister. He claimed to be a consumptive, and she was assiduous in her attentions, making him put on his overcoat in the evening, and frequently lecturing him in her gay way for the recklessness with which he exposed himself to the spray and the storm. The relation of brother and sister is not always of the tenderest kind. Few sisters treat even their favorite brother as if he were the only man on earth, and I have to laugh at myself when I think how easily I was gulled in this matter, but I am consoled when I think that none of the lady passengers, who were very kind in their treatment of the woman in question, ever suspected the relations existing between young Cowles and his companion. The last day of the voyage I recollect, when the pool on the ship's speed was sold, I was restrained from bidding against young Cowles, who nudged me and told me that he was buying the pool for his sister. He paid twenty dollars for it and it won her fifty pounds.

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The history of the Cowles family is a rather sensational one. Cowles senior was proprietor of the Cleveland *Leader*. In some respects he was a man not unlike the late George Brown, bitter and almost vindictive in his hatred, loyal to his friends, but with a disposition to lord it over creation generally. One of the chief features of his paper was his hatred of Roman Catholics. He never ceased laying the lash of his pen upon the church and its institutions, and all Cleveland was startled when, in the midst of his vituperation, his daughter entered a nunnery and took the veil. It is easily understood that this did not abate his rancor, but when his son Eugene married Miss Hale, who I understand was a Roman Catholic, he was much more philosophical and accepted the situation. The history of Cowles sr. during his newspaper enterprises and the libel suits against some of his competitors would make one of the most interesting chapters of journalistic history which could be furnished by any American editor, and when I read how generously he treated his daughter in-law, leaving the share of his property which should have been his son's to her and his grandchild, I was surprised, but time brings about strange changes and those we dislike often become our best friends.

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Eugene Cowles led a queer, unsettled life, sometimes in the far Southwest, then in the mountains of the east, again in Europe; his petulant and unsettled temperament seemed to forbid any permanent residence or enjoyment of that domestic bliss which seems to be the fortune of the commonplace rather than the experience of those who possess ability but are not forced by necessity to labor for their bread. Since I have read of his escapade in the newspapers I have wondered that a man who has been for so many years on the borders of the grave should have preferred the society of a woman who was not his wife to the wealth and comforts which surrounded the worthy woman he had promised to cherish and respect. It seems to me his life is a striking example of the matrimonial mistakes which in this great whirling world are so often made. He is eminently, if he still lives, a man who requires companionship—a man to whom books, flowers, horses, etc., are of no avail. He could not bear to be lonesome a minute, and in the woman who seems to have been so alluring to him I can readily believe he found sympathy and a thorough understanding of his restless nature. His wife is doubtless a hundredfold better woman than his paramour, yet he left wealth, social position, and all those things which seem to be the best part of life to most people, for the society of a woman who was neither beautiful nor virtuous. I am not defending his course, for his life has been one gigantic mistake. He had been far happier had he accepted his fate and learned to find contentment with a good woman and the surroundings of art and culture rather than forgetfulness with a bad companion. But I imagine there is a lesson in his unfortunate career which may be of value to more than one man and woman who do me the honor of reading and thinking about what is written on this page.

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I believe that half of the social wickedness in this world is caused by lonesomeness. Every day I am surprised to find among my friends a lonesome man, a man who seems to be tied to nothing but his business, a man who is restrained by no church influence, who seems floating about hunting for a congenial spirit, a fragment which no magnet of home life, of church life or public life seems to attract. I meet this fellow in the club, in the hotels, in my office and his office, and when a congenial chord is touched his whole being seems to glow with pleasure that somebody estimates him aright, can understand his thoughts, who has or seems to have a common impulse with him. Each time I find this sort of a fellow I know how barren his life must be, how much he would give if he had somebody to tie to, someone who could understand him when he is sad and join him in his merriment when he is gay. Cynicism is generally the repulsive shell which conceals his impulses, for men of this sort are always making mistakes, attaching themselves to people who are unworthy, trusting those who are false. I presume it is the same among women. In their lives there is less excitement and change than in the life of men. They have fewer opportunities of forgetting and into every day amidst the duties of domestic life there must come hours of wonderment as to whether there are not other women who are happier than they, women whose lives have been made complete by the companionship of some man who does not forget all trials which are not his own affliction, who does not eschew all pleasures which are not especially his. I am glad I am not a woman, else it seems to me I had risen in revolt against the galling fetters of loneliness and disregard. To mothers of course comes the love of little ones, beautiful imaginings which as far as thought can reach gild the lives of those who are dearer to her than her own life. But these impulses no man thoroughly comprehends, their beauty and the restraints they put upon selfish impulses we cannot entirely understand.

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Understanding however the weakness of human nature, the canker of loneliness and disappointment, the feeling that life to us has been spoiled by mistakes and is threatened by incurable disease, we can afford to be charitable in estimating the mistakes of a man who in his eagerness to fill what little there is of life with something less depressing than monotony and more encouraging than docile goodness, and who flies to the extreme and seeks vivacity and the charms of one who, while to the world she is bad, to him is good. I am not pleading the cause of those who do this, because their course carries in its wake the misery and ruin which has overtaken Eugene Cowles. I am not attempting to palliate his offence because it cannot be argued away. I am simply suggesting that tied by our conventionalities there are those who find imprisonment, and that of the virtues we most admire can be woven fetters which sink into the flesh. Every life which can be instanced in which the ills which beset us are forsaken for the miseries that we create for ourselves, is but a repetition of shame and disasters which follow the fugitive from a monotonous home in his search for illicit excitements, and ends as it promises to end in the case of Eugene Cowles, in the shrouding shadows of suffering and disgrace.

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It is possible, however, for both the men and women of this conventional century to make happier the lives of those whose lot is cast with their own, less lonesome by studying the wants and impulses of those nearest to them and endeavoring to supply companionship which if not obtained at home will be sought elsewhere. I am convinced that many women recognize the incompleteness of their husbands' lives and many men see how little they do for their wives, but it is in rare instances that I observe in attentions and self-sacrifice the attempt to obtain information and mental equipment necessary to fill the vacancy, the void in the home life. Sometimes an effort is made to fill the house with congenial friends, but then sometimes comes the disaster of the husband discovering someone more companionable than the wife, or of the wife discovering someone more congenial than her husband. Jealousy and recrimination follow, and such temporary remedies as imported friends make in the home-life are quickly abandoned. The only remedy is a careful study of the necessities of the case, reading which may supply information, watchfulness which may prevent mistakes, and loving self-sacrifice which begets in all those who are benefited by it a tenderness which overlooks omissions and warms the heart to that enduring heat which makes impossible either treachery or desertion. I don't want to preach but I'll touch on this subject, which I feel is incomplete, again.

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Toronto, having decided on a carnival, is anxious to see it a success. We would be the laughing stock of Canada if it were a failure. No one is more capable of successfully engineering it than Ald. Dodds, but it must be admitted that up to the present time no one outside of Toronto has heard enough about the coming festivities to excite curiosity, and unless something more is done the carnival will be a failure. I have traveled considerably through the western part of the province during the past few weeks and I have not seen a solitary bill advertising the event. Galt has a little carnival and in every railway

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tation, bar-room and barber shop is a handsome announcement of the *fete*, while Toronto's carnival remains unheralded. I am afraid Ald. Dodds is trying to do too much and is leaving too little to his committees. One man cannot do it all. Our local newspapers, too, seem to be looking upon the event with some suspicion and are not assisting as they might. It is quite possible there may be two opinions as to the desirability of having the carnival, but now that it has been arranged for, the money voted and the city committed to a summer festival, every Torontonian should make it his business to boom the thing. From what I have seen of the details I am confident we shall have a delightful time. I hope nothing will remain undone to attract a crowd which will repay us for our outlay and establish in the mind of every visitor the fact that in all Canada there is but one Toronto.

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It was generally conceded before the election that Hon. A. M. Ross, provincial treasurer, was a weakness to the Government, and when his retirement was decided upon it was generally felt that he was not consulted. Now his threatened appointment as clerk of York County Court is disturbing the local politicians who have served through the heat of many summers and the storms of many winters as shouters of the virtues of the Mowat Government. This city and county has furnished the political swine which surround the trough of Mr. Mowat's patronage with more fat offices than the remaining counties all put together. The consensus of opinion, if taken in this county by popular vote, would be largely Conservative, yet upon us is thrust a band of heelers whose only recommendation is the service they have done for the Government against which the majority of the people have constantly and consistently voted. The city and the county are compelled to pay enormous fees to officials who render no service proportionate to the amounts they receive. The Government appoints two registrars for the city who receive between them something in the neighborhood of $20,000. The whole service could be performed by one man at a salary of $2,000, and anyone capable of taking a third-class teacher's certificate would be quite able to superintend the office, thus saving $18,000 to the people. The shrievalty has been divided for political not popular purposes and the fees in both offices are in the neighborhood of $17,000. The whole work could be performed for $1,500 per annum, and if an advertisement were inserted in the local papers asking for applicants, a thousand reliable people would signify their willingness to accept $1,000 per year in the office named. The clerkship of the county court is said to be worth $5,000 or $6,000 a year. A thousand applicants, each one quite as capable as Hon. A. M. Ross, would be competitors for the position at a salary of $1,200 per year if it were opened to the people. Other county offices are in the same position. We pay the piper and Mr. Mowat appoints the official. The Government, which has been conspicuous for its centralization of power, pipes and we are forced to dance. Political heelers are appointed to the places where the people pay the salary, yet the so-called Reform Government refuses to arrange the appointment on the basis of popular desire and payment simply for the service done, but continues the system of unjust and enormous fees, whereby those who have prostituted themselves in proclaiming the virtue, prudence and honesty of the Government may be rewarded at the expense of the people in municipalities where at every opportunity a protest against the existence and policy of the Government has been recorded. Reformers once fought against the "Family Compact," yet a more iniquitous and indefensible compact was never in existence than that which prevents municipalities from controlling the appointment and payment of their own servants, which now exists under the management of a so-called Christian politician. If this be Christian politics of what is the kingdom of Heaven?

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In Quebec the allies and counterpart of the Mowat Government are appealing to the people. Scandals such as have not yet been excelled in local or Dominion politics hover like cyclones over Mr. Mercier, yet he will be returned to power, not because his government has been frugal, his policy liberal or his impulses progressive, but because he is the ally and executive officer of the Ultramontanes. What a roaring farce it is to see a man of his principles leading a party which once clamored for the abolition of tithes, fabrique, assessments and the entire wiping out of state clericalism. He has held and will continue to hold his place because he is the creature of the reactionists, the tool of the implacable enemies of civil and religious liberty who now mould the political and religious future of a province which is more Catholic than Rome and more French than France. I presume his success will be rewarded by another telegram from Mr. Mowat congratulating him on the continuance of his remarkable administration. We may imagine that the tri-color and the bones of Riel will have a still more conspicuous place than heretofore, and that Mercier and his colleagues will be congratulated by His Holiness at Rome, even though the continuance of the present condition of things is deprecated by every progressive Canadian.

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In our city we are threatened by a tax of at least seventeen mills on the dollar and for this what do we receive? It is for no great public work which has been undertaken, our sewage is still poured into the bay, villainous streets built at private expense and unrepaired by public functionaries impede our traffic and proclaim us a new and imperfectly organized city. Fire and police protection are reasonably good, but the millions we have spent seem not yet to have found a solid basis upon which proper civic progress may be built. We have had much noise over permanent improvements, yet who can point to a permanent improvement which has been undertaken at the expense of the public? The clamor has been great for the re-organization of our water-front but nothing has been done. The Don has been straightened and the entanglements which it produced are only now beginning to be understood. After a year of waiting the city buildings and court-house have just been started. We have not advanced a single point and apparently have not permanently reformed any branch of the civil service. The taxpayers begin to ask themselves if the burden which is laid upon them is not greater than this generation can bear. I would be the last one to complain of a high assessment if the money paid was likely to produce a better state of affairs; but there seems to be no promise of good days coming—no policy more far-sighted than the putting off of the evils of to-day and the preparation of a plague of evils which is left to be met to-morrow.

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The Methodist Conference, excited by the eloquent words of Rev. Dr. Douglas, proclaims that it is unwilling to longer endure the table of precedence prepared in Downing street, which gives the high places at political and vice-regal bun feeds to the bishops of the Roman Catholic church. We had fondly flattered ourselves that in Canada, Church and State had been separated, yet it has been shown by the Methodist brethren that the mitred masters of the two churches which profess to be the chosen repositories of religious truth, must walk in advance, on state occasions, of those who, by popular, denominational vote, have been chosen as the directors of dissenting religious thought. Exactly why the men who lead religious opinion should obtrude themselves at the wine-drinkings and meat-eatings of politicians has not been set forth. The task of converting sinners and purifying society not having yet been attended to we may rightfully question the presence of our superior spiritual advisers on banqueting occasions and public glorifications where souls and salvation receive neither mention nor consideration. But if our spiritual fathers are to march in review before the kings and princes of this world it doth seem improper that those who are making the greatest fight in God's cause should be clustered at the tail end of the procession. The only time I ever heard Rev. Dr. Douglas preach it was from this text: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Hardly the text from which he could preach his present plaint! Is the Methodist Church becoming so strong that it is beginning to forget the teachings of the Master, that a God-fearing man who attendeth a feast is not to love the chief seat, but with proper humility should sit on the back benches and wait to be invited to "come up higher?" Their protest is a reasonable one, yet it is suggestive of the growth even within this great voluntary body of a love of place. If their protest were made at the ballot box, if the preachers told the listening people that God would not be supreme in our politics and the Reformation triumphant in our legislation while trucklers and place-hunters wield the sceptre of temporal power, it would quickly bring about a different order in the procession and a more wholesome feeling in the community. I admit the right of their protest, but it is made in the wrong place and the point of order is a frivolous basis. The whole procession in Canada on state and other occasions in which the politicians are supreme leaves those with good ideas and pious impulses in the rear, and it will be so until conferences, presbyteries and synods are overtaken by a realizing sense of their duty to themselves, the people they represent and the God whose honor they endeavor to exalt.

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Brother Methodist, what do you want? Do you desire the abolition of all rules of precedence or do you want to alternate with some other religious body in leading the procession? If we had been told that the religious orders of all sorts would have been glad to take a lower seat and that the presiding elder and the moderator and the bishop and the president of the convention would be glad to carry a cross while looking for the crown, whenever they could find an opportunity of dropping into line, we would have been satisfied, but if you desire recognition at the hands of regal, vice-regal, or deputy vice-regal people, and are hunting for a place superior to that occupied by your flock, you are getting out of touch with the democratic spirit of to-day in this Canadian country where we reverence our preachers, not because they are superior to ourselves, but on account of the Master whose service they have undertaken.

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One thing is certain, the Mowat Government should deliberate long and carefully as to whether Archbishop Walsh or Principal Caven should lead the van at provincial dinners. It is a toss up which of them did most to reinstate Mr. Mowat in power.

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The *Globe* asks with regard to our school legislation "What next?" The religious bodies in conference have protested against separate schools and the *Globe* would like to know if they desire the secularization of our public school system. The *Globe* need not enquire "what next" so far as the Mowat Government is concerned. With them nothing is next, for they pledged themselves not to change the system. If Mr. Meredith had been elected the question of "what next" might have been asked; as it now stands the question is superfluous. The *Globe* is one of the principal sinners against the idea of reform of any kind being "next."

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The Grand Trunk Railway has at last been forced to pay damages for some of the lives they sacrificed at St. George. They have only done so after a bitter legal contest. There should be a law which would make it necessary for railway corporations to pay a reasonable damage for all lives lost under their management, no matter whether they be the lives of employes or passengers, so long as carelessness on the part of the victim cannot be shown. As the law at present stands, railways are enabled by their wealth and power to protract litigation to such an extent that a poor man or the family of the ordinary victim is compelled to settle almost on the terms dictated by the company. Another thing which suggests itself is the extremely low taxes which the Grand Trunk is paying in the city. While private citizens are assessed for their property, almost at the amount which could be obtained at a forced sale, the Grand Trunk is assessed in many instances at less than half the value of the property. The attitude of the railway is such that the city owes them nothing. Montreal is the headquarters both of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. They don't come to Toronto for our good, but for their own. There is no earthly reason why they should not pay their taxes, as the rest of us do, without consideration of the service they are performing for the community. If anybody is to be let off lightly, the newspapers ought to be for they have done as much for Toronto as the railways have done. It is not the assessor's duty to know what anybody is doing or has done for the community but to equalize the assessment so that everybody, whether they be public carriers or the diggers of drains, should bear their proper share of the public burdens and no more, certainly no less.

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## Social and Personal.

An interesting wedding ceremony was performed in St. Thomas' church on Thursday last at 3 o'clock. It was then that the marriage of Miss Maud Vankoughnet to Mr. George McKinnon of Montreal was solemnized. The church interior was prettily decorated with flowers and plants, and the bridal party looked uncommonly well, for the picturesque loveliness of color-scheme and fashioning was unique and pleasing.

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The marriage ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. A. J. Broughall and Rev. Charles Roper, the bride being given away by her brother, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet. The bridal gown was of ivory satin *en traine*. Brussels point drapery and garlands of orange blossoms trimmed the skirt, and the high bodice had a becoming Medici collar, decorated with pearls and lined with ostrich feathers. A veil was worn, as were also the orange blossoms of bridehood, while a gleam of diamonds through the filmy folds of the veil revealed the mystery of fastening.

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The bride was attended by Miss Violet Seymour, whose dress was fashioned of white satin-striped grenadine with trimmings of moss green velvet and ribbons. The hat was a large one with garniture of ostrich feathers. Little Miss Gladys Nordheimer was maid of honor, gowned in a cream watered-silk dress with lace draperies, and wearing a cream lace bonnet. The little nephew of the bride, Master John A. Macdonald, wore a Lord Fauntleroy suit of black velvet. The attending groomsman was Mr. Charles Pipon.

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Mrs. Vankoughnet, mother of the bride, wore a black satin dress with lace trimmings and a bonnet of black lace; Mrs. Seymour, the bride's grandmother, wore a gown of black satin and lace, with a lace bonnet; Mrs. H. J. Macdonald was in cream Henrietta cloth—a trained gown, with a skirt of rich brocade and bodice braided in gold; a lace toque with yellow poppies and a gold brocaded opera wrap with Medici collar and ostrich trimmings was worn with it; Mrs. McCrae's dress was a heliotrope, and her hat a large white one; Miss Sibyl Seymour wore robin's-egg blue with hat to match.

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Among the invited guests were: Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Morrison, Miss Smith, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowther, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Armour, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. H. S. and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Frances Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Broughall, Messrs. Watson, Frank Jones, Kenneth Cameron, George Burton, and Percy Manning, Miss Thorburn, Miss Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Kelso and Miss Wilson of Belleville, Miss Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Cronyn, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Roberts, Mr. J. P. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Machell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Barwick, and Sir John A. Macdonald.

*

The ushers were Messrs. L. A. Tilley, Casimir Dickson and Hollyer. After the marriage ceremony the wedding-guests attended the reception given at the home of the bride's mother on Washington avenue. A large marquee was erected on the lawn which, gaily decked with bunting and beautified with flowers, was most attractive in its prettiness.

*

The wedding gifts were many and elegant, comprising china, silver, fancy furniture, books, pictures and many articles of dainty hand-made work.

*

Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon left for New York on the five o'clock train, the bride wearing a toilette of dark green cloth, with hat of pale green and a parasol to match.

*

Miss Violet Seymour leaves the city next week to pay a visit to Kingston where she will be the guest of Miss Cartwright.

*

Mrs. Seymour and Miss Sibyl Seymour return to their home in Port Hope this week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edsall of New York are at the Arlington. Miss Edsall, their daughter, will be remembered as a society favorite when she was in town two winters ago.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery of Port Hope have taken up residence in Toronto. Their home is on Huron street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop of Hamilton were in town for a few days this week.

*

Rev. G. M. Milligan has returned from his trip to Vancouver.

*

Miss Wilson of Belleville was in town this week.

*

Miss Amy Rutherford has returned to the city after a two months' visit in Montreal and Kingston.

*

Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald of Winnipeg is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Vankoughnet, on Washington avenue.

*

Miss Winifred Macdonald of Oaklands is in Ottawa, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grant.

*

Mrs. A. M. Smith of Pembroke Lodge gives an At Home this afternoon.

*

The lacrosse match last Saturday was well attended and the wind which blew so uncomfortably cold, seemed only to increase the zest of the earnest competitors, while the on-lookers were interested in spite of blue noses and vagrant chills.

*

The game was won by the Torontos, five to one. It has often been noticed that gallantry to visiting rivals does not exceed interest in home teams, and of course the boys in the pretty shades of blue, were heartily cheered when they played well.

*

Among those present were noticed the following dozen: The Misses Greene, Smith, Boulton and Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Messrs. Cronyn, Vankoughnet, Boulton, Shanly, Jarvis and Stewart.

*

Thursday night of last week was close. The clouds threatened and some discouraging rain drops fell about the time that numbers of people were on the point of leaving home to attend the Gilmore concert, but they thronged to hear the music nevertheless.

*

The Pavilion looked well, for prettiness of form and face and daintiness of apparel lend distinguishing grace to even a concert hall. Among those who were present I noticed: Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. McMaster, Mr. McMaster, Mrs. Grier, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Miss Yarker, Miss Beardmore, Miss Castle, the Misses Bethune, Miss Helen Leys, Miss Otter, Miss Michie, Miss Bunting, Miss Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks, Messrs. Michie, Hollyer, Cawthra, Small and Jarvis.

*

Mrs. Yarker gave a delightful dance Wednesday evening. The large residence on Beverley street was attractively arranged for the comfort and pleasure of the many guests. Refreshments were served in the house during the evening, and supper later on, at dainty little tables in the prettily-decorated marquee on the lawn. Among the guests were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Heinsman, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Boulton, the Misses Beatty, Miss Cockburn, Miss Dawson, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Small, Miss Wragge, Miss Seymour, Miss Langmuir, Miss Hodgins, Miss Jones, the Misses Morgan, Miss Otter, Messrs. Boulton, Burton, Beardmore, Cawthra, Tilley, Watson, Jones, Robinson, Shanly, Talt, Greig, Hodgins, Heward, Goldingham, Badgley, Drummond, Cameron and Small.

*

The gowns were universally pretty, either in their elegance or their dainty simplicity. Mrs. Yarker received her guests in a handsome dress of blue silk with front of white and gold brocade; Miss Yarker wore pale blue silk and crepe with pink roses; Miss Maud Yarker's gown was of pink crepe du chine; Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a handsome blue brocaded dress; Miss Cockburn, pink silk and crepe with white roses; Mrs. Gamble Geddes, white crepe and pearl ornaments; Miss Marjorie Campbell, white striped satin and tulle; Miss Strange, black net over black satin; Mrs. Kerr, blue and white brocade; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, yellow crepe du chine with chrysanthemums; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, blue brocade; Miss Hodgins, white and silver brocade; Miss Beatty, white china crepe; Miss Seymour, peach-colored tulle and bronze velvet; Miss Dawson, pale blue and silver; Miss Langmuir, moss-green tulle and faille; Miss McCarthy, striped velvet and satin with pink crepe.

*

Mrs. A. M. Cosby gave a large tea on Friday of last week. The hostess welcomed her friends in a handsome gown in a strawberry shade, with trimmings of brocade, while Miss Stewart, her guest, wore navy blue silk with effective garnitures of white ribbons. Among the guests were noticed Mrs. H. K. Merrist, Mrs. McLean, Miss Thorburn, Miss Vankoughnet, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Myles, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. J. Crowther, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. McCallough, the Misses McDougall, Mrs. Brough, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Frank Hodgins and Mrs. Boyd.

*

Miss Fraser of Port Hope is visiting friends in town.

*

The Victoria Tennis Club meet on Friday afternoons.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne of Prince Arthur avenue leave shortly for their summer home in Muskoka.

*

On Tuesday morning last a large company of people gathered at the Church of the Redeemer to witness the marriage of Miss E. R. Parsons of Cleveland and Mr. A. L. Torrance. The bride was attended by Miss L. Chewett and was given away by Dr. W. C. Chewett. Mr. and Mrs. Torrance left for their honeymoon tour in the afternoon, going to Buffalo and New York.

*

Francis Powers of New York, Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, Harry Field, Messrs. Mahr, Vogt, an octette from Jarvis street Baptist Church and the charming Mrs. Blackstock herself took part in the private musicale given at Cedarhurst last evening in aid of the University library fund. Full particulars next week.

*

Miss Florence M. Hooper of Napanee is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. McClive Wilson, 56 St. James avenue.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth sail for England on Wednesday next by the Germanic.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson of Bloor street sailed on Wednesday by the Majestic for a three months' visit to the Old Country.

*

The Argonaut At Home this afternoon will doubtless be a charming and successful entertainment. A full account will be given next week.

*

Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and Miss Mason of Sherbourne street are in Muskoka. Mrs. Mason will remain only a few days but her

*(Continued on page Eleven.)*

## A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*


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## Boudoir Gossip.

Women are a synonym for sentiment in some men's minds. I wonder why? I honestly believe that we are unjustly accused of being "finicky," "cowardly" and "babyish."

Only this morning I read a manuscript in which a certain young fellow was becoming "as sentimental as a girl." Of course I objected to the comparison, but the writer only smiled in a lordly way and went on thinking the simile a forceful one.

Well, well, let them say so. We are more tender-hearted. We care more for the little things of life, because the mist of distance hides from us the working of much of the world's machinery. We see less of life at its worst. We are more prone to believe and hold to our cherished faith in human nature.

Men may call us sentimental, but when they want sympathy they seldom go to their brothers for it. Mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and trusted friends are sought when life is tangled and hearts are heavy. Let us admit that we nourish sentiment—the real heart-sprung feelings of tenderness—and sympathy, and when we have done so, are we not proud that we are women?

•

That last query reminds me of a question which was put to me quite recently: "Do you ever wish you were a man?"

My answer was—"No!" It was very abrupt and very emphatic, with a suspicion of surprise in the intonation, but it expressed my feeling perfectly.

Of course long ago when I wanted to climb trees and play in the sun and roll hoops, I did wish I were a boy, but the ignorance, that was the excuse for at least, that wish has been dispelled.

It is not that I think men "perfectly horrid," as the prim sisterhood say, but I do not admire them sufficiently to wish to be their brother.

Now I recollect two women who wished they were men, but what does it mean?

Why are woman not glad that they are women?

It seems dreadful to me that girls should affect mannish attire and masculine airs, forgetting the simple dignity of woman's dress and the charm of a womanly manner.

Everyone likes to see a healthy, happy girl, as rosy, as strong, as brave, as merry as she can be, but the dear daintiness, the witching womanliness need not be dispensed with.

Some girls meet men on their own side of the fence, talk slang and believe they are admired for it.

I know a woman from whose tongue a slang phrase slipped one day. Her companion, a man who was not unaccustomed to hearing the strongest language, gravely said: "That does not suit you."

There was a compliment and a reproof in the words. It shows a man's mind on the subject of womanly words.

We may grow a little hardened if we are out in the world, but if we will we may keep our heritage of loving trust, our truth and faith "unspotted by the world."

•

One of the features of the afternoon trip on our lake boats are—children. The dear little nuisances, how they do enjoy themselves and worry their mothers and nurses. They want a cake every fifteen minutes, and a drink directly after each cookie. They tumble down on the decks, scold each other, step on the cross man's toes, and tease Miss Fashion's pet dog. Then, when the wind blows colder and the sleepy look crawls over their baby faces, they run to "mother," fret a little and finally cuddle close to her and tired babyhood sleeps.

•

The glove has taken upon itself the invisible seam. It makes the hand look smaller, and the mystery as to the getting in proves an oft-bitten bait.

It reminds one of the remark about a bodice which was fastened invisibly. The front was decorated with shirred muslin and straps of the material, and the ever-wise young man declared the girl must have climbed in "between those bars."

The velvety-finished cloth, which is like the regal stuff except in weight is much fancied for evening and dressy gowns.

Bonnets have shrunk and been squeezed until they are indeed almost nothing—barring the price.

Sailor hats should have two bands of inch-wide velvet ribbon with a little bow at one side.

Some women trim them with a crumpled sash of surah and a side knot, which deprives them of their exaggerated trimness, but adds more of the much-to-be-admired becomingness to them.

Tulle strings, the dear, flimsy, uncomfortable, short-lived things, promise to visit us in the warmest weather. The daintiest of chapeaux will owe no small part of their loveliness to the misty lengths of tulle which serve for strings. How unserviceable they are, to be sure, with their antipathy to dust, and their provoking way of dissolving into flimsy rags with the first drop of perspiration or hint of dew.

Watered tulle is said to be the newest kind, and the name is a libel on tulle in general.

Dark colors show a long, thin face to the best effect; light ones make a broad face with prominent features lose its width and severity and become almost attractive in its newly-acquired setting.

For June weddings floral decorations of the most unique and exaggerated types are eagerly sought. Handcuffs of pale blossoms have been used to chain the bridesmaids in twos. Very sedate and meek they look as they follow the chief martyr to the altar.

Often, too, floral garlands attached to the bridesmaids girdles are held by slender threads in the bride's hand. When the marriage is performed the wife drops the threads and the attending maids gather up the garlands and scatter the pale pure blossoms for the bridal pair to walk upon.

•

Nine women out of ten seem to fancy that a black velvet band around the neck in a low-cut gown enhances beauty. It doesn't. Its darkness drives the shadows deeper into the face, cuts the features more sharply, and plays the mischief generally with an otherwise pretty face and neck.

•

Sometimes it happens that things go cross-wise. Some little innocent piece of mechanism does not, to us, seem to work properly. It may be a pencil, a crochet-hook, or a hammer, size is no consideration. We do not follow the teaching of reason. We let our "angry passions rise," and—oh well of course most of us not being angels know all about it.

It occurred to me the other day that a mental conversation with the inner self in which one blames one's own stupidity and recognizes the perfection of the workmanship on the unoffending little instrument might help a little.

•

Why do people go to funerals? Why is it, that a throng of almost strangers crowd the house of death, and look down at rigid faces, into which they never smiled, and view the folded hands which in life they were not accustomed to take in greeting of welcome?

What a sensible departure from the old custom is the brief announcement: "Funeral private."

It is hard to give up even the bodies of our dead—hard to take the last look at the faces whereon the soul has been photographed, but oh how much harder when strangers press around.

Those of us who ever think of death, think perhaps that we would like our friends—those we loved and trusted, to look upon us, but not strangers.

Sympathy for the living can be shown in the hand-clasp, the gentle warm touch of compassion, the few words. It is too late to show respect when death has claimed his own.

CLIP CAREW.

## 'Varsity Chat.

'Varsity men will note with much satisfaction the almost universal triumph of their brothers at the recent law examinations. Only one or two out of about a dozen scholarships were won by outsiders. We are the people. From Johns Hopkins comes the same story. Mr. W. P. Mustard, B.A., '85, who held the classical fellowship here for three years, has lately won a fellowship in Latin at Johns Hopkins, having previously held a scholarship. Mr. Mustard received the degree of M.A. at Commencement on Tuesday. Others who proceeded to that degree were our old friends Mr. Harry Cody, B.A., '89, Mr. F. J. Steen, B.A., '88, Miss Madge R. Robertson, B.A., '89, Mr. A. H. Young, B.A., '87, and Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, B.A., '89, the present fellow in classics.

•

Mr. F. J. Davidson, B.A., '90, has left for Germany where he will continue the study of classics. Before taking his departure I am happy to relate he took to himself a fair bride to make his way smooth in a strange land. Mr. A. A. Macdonald, B.A., '90, it is whispered intends to follow Mr. Davidson's example in both particulars. We wish them joy.

•

The exams this year resulted surprisingly in many instances. Stars are number'ess and many a poor wretch is sore at the prospect of dabbling at some pass subject or other all summer. In fact pass work attached to honor courses though formerly to a large extent a mere farce has suddenly become a reality—whereby many have been caught napping. But the greatest destruction has been wrought in the case of those who were attempting more that one course. Herein seems to be evidence of a deliberate determination on the part of the authorities to confine all students to one course. *Verbum sap.*

•

On Tuesday we had a big day. In compliance with a petition from the graduating class the commencement exercises were held on the lawn under an expansive tent. The chancellor presided and made an able address, dealing with facts of great interest to all friends of the university. If the graduating class are never heard of again, they certainly made the tent canvas flap with the sound of Old Grimes. Beadle McKim's new mace which he handled wid grace was the center of attraction.

•

On commencement evening the graduating class dined at Harry Webb's. The affair was a distinct success. The best of humor, to say nothing of a superior *menu*, and the liveliest of wit, combined to delight everybody. Songs and laughter were the order of the hour, but now and then a vein of emotion showed above the surface, making it clear that there was genuine sorrow felt at the approaching parting. A feature of the evening was the reading of Post Dwyer's graduating threno-battle song entitled Leaving Port, Class of '90:

Four years in the haven the ship has been fitting,
Now the voyage-time comes and the anchor is weighed;
Though the harbor's been snug, yet the time's come for flitting,
And we sail out of port, all our colors displayed.
Farewell! old times, Good-bye! old faces,
The time has come to say good-bye.

We sail away gladly, we're searching for treasure,
But the length of our voyage not one of us knows,
And we cannot sail back to the old port of pleasure,
There's no sea in the world where such magic wind blows.
And so we'll mingle a little sadness
Even with the hope of happy days.

They give us our orders now: Go! the world calls you,
Active service you've waited for, now it is here,
And there's no drawing back. On! whatever befalls you,
You've no room on board ship for dishonor or fear.
Ay, ay! we all answer, then shout to the helmsman:
Firm hand on the rudder there, steer us right onward.

NEMO.

Six o'clock dinner, (Table d'Hote), at English Chop House.

## Racing.

What to wear when going to the race course is a question which will hardly bother the great army of race goers who go there merely for the horses or for betting alone.

But racing has become so much a fashionable amusement that it behoves the wise man who looks upon the race meetings not merely as speculative gatherings but social rendezvous to bestow upon his appearance that thought and consideration which would be required by a morning reception, or even the more elaborate surroundings of an evening assembly, and hence a few suggestions may not be out of place. Should the gentleman escort ladies, however, the rough and ready is absolutely prohibited and he must don either the morning otherwise known as the two or three button cutaway or better yet the frock or Prince Albert coat. The shooting coat with flaps and pockets may be worn by elderly gentlemen of pronounced position but it is not to be recommended to younger men. With either of these coats a fancy vest should be worn and here the element of color and design may be introduced to almost any extent. Such are the styles at present being made up of the very finest imported fabrics and of the very latest designs by the Fashionable West End Tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block.


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# BLIND FATE.

## BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

*Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.*

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### CHAPTER V.

"A CHANGE IN PLAN."

Dorothy was inclined to think that she had allowed her imagination to cheat her into unnecessary terrors, when after two days of vague, indescribable anxiety Colonel Callander wrote in reply to his wife. He simply remarked that as she was indisposed for the trip she had suggested, it was better to give it up, but that he was sorry to do so. "I shall return about the 5th," he added, "and as I have a touch of fever and ague, both of which are worse at night, you had better have my own room made ready for me."

"How thoughtful he is," cried Dorothy. "He is so afraid of disturbing you."

"Yes! He is good—very good! I am glad e thought of it, though! I am feverish and rre'less enough myself. I cannot bear the unrest I have my window open all night."

"That is not safe, Mabel!"

"Why, what could make it unsafe! With that wide area around the house it is like being on the second story."

"Oh! yes, safe enough in that way. I thought of the night air; your chest is not too strong!"

"I am strong enough—physically," said Mabel, with a sigh.

Callander was better than his word, and the day before the date he had fixed for his return, he presented himself at the house, to his mother who was resting after her drive, before retiring to her room to dress for dinner.

"Why Herbert! I did not know you had returned," she exclaimed; "you were not expected till to-morrow."

"I thought I had better break away, as I have had a reminder from my old enemies fever and ague, and every day something turned up to delay me."

"I thought you were feeling much better. I can't say you look it."

"I was greatly better, but the bad nights I get now are against me. I found an empty house, so I came on here."

"Exactly! any port in a storm," said Mrs. Callander, with a dry laugh. "Yes, the whole party are out in Mr. Egerton's yacht. They are coming back to some sort of supper at your house. They generally end their very Bohemian excursions there."

"I suppose so," he returned. "Mabel ought not to send her friends empty away."

"You are a most indulgent husband, my dear son; indeed, Mabel ought to think herself the happiest of women; probably she does. We have seen somewhat more of each other since you were away. I have frequently taken her out to drives, and I think if she were away from that very flippant sister of hers, she—

"I see no room for improvement in my wife," returned Callander, coldly. "Of course I should like her to be a daughter to you." His mother sighed obtrusively.

"I am sure I am her truest friend if she would believe it." Then Mrs. Callander wisely digressed to some other topics connected with friends and acquaintance; and got little more than monosyllable replies to her questions.

"Mr. Egerton is still in close attendance on your sister-in-law," she said, presently. "It is time I think that—that the engagement were announced, for while she is free, Dorothy thinks she has a right to amuse herself with everyone and anyone. There is a young subaltern in Major St. John's regiment whom she encourages in a way I do not approve."

"I suppose all women are pretty much alike where admirers and adoration are concerned."

"No, Herbert, not all women!"

"Well, look at Henrietta Oakeley, she is an unlimited flirt."

"Henrietta Oakeley!" said Mrs. Callander, in a dignified tone, "is in a very different position from Dorothy Wynn."

"True, and considerably older into the bargain."

"She is more impulsive than I like, but she is a right minded and reliable gentleman for all that."

There was a pause.

"Will you join me at dinner, Herbert?" asked his mother. "You will get nothing to eat till late at home. I know the evening repast is generally ordered to be served at eight or nine o'clock by Mr. Standish, who is master of the house in your absence, and is, I must say, strangely domineering."

"Of course, as my wife's former guardian, he is naturally her referee and protector when I am away. He generally gets on very well with women, why don't you like him?" Callander who had kept his eyes on the carpet suddenly raised them and looked full at his mother, who, intimidative as she was, was startled by their expression.

"You need not be so angry, Herbert," she said. "I don't like Mr. Standish, because he thinks quite too much of himself, in the first place; and in the second, guardian though he is, he is still too young to be seen perpetually with Mabel; we may know it is all right, but society will put an evil con—

"Stop!" said Callander, putting up his hands as if bodily to repel the idea. "This is a subject on which I will not hear you. You exaggerate; it is not for me to listen. Drop this subject or we shall cease to be friends. Now, I shall leave you. The children are at least back returned, and I have brought them some presents which I should like to give them myself."

"To-morrow, then, will you and Mabel dine with me!"

"With pleasure. If she is disengaged."

The children were at tea when the colonel reached the South, and received him with rapture. Little Dolly was made quite happy because "Father" sat down beside her and took some size out of her cup. Then the new toys were produced, and Callander seemed a very different man from Mrs. Callander's taciturn visitor of half an hour before.

* * * * * * *

When, after dusk, Mabel and her guests reached home, Callander was most warmly greeted by the whole party, and much desultory conversation ensued, in which he took his part. Then Miss Oakeley took possession of him, declaring she had some business matters to discuss, and they, or rather she, talked for a considerable time in a dim corner of the drawing-room, till Standish announced that he was quite ready to escort Miss Oakeley to her hotel. Callander seemed to have communicated his latest for silence to his friend Egerton, for he scarcely spoke.

Dorothy felt infinitely relieved when they were alone. As soon as she had made a few affectionate inquiries as to Callander's health, she bid them good-night, hoping that a little private talk would clear away any shadow of misunderstanding between husband and wife. Next day Callander produced some trinkets for each sister, and after looking at the papers, went off to join the children on the beach. As soon as Dorothy was alone with her sister she said, "Is it all right with Herbert?"

"Yes quite right. I told you he would not mind. We will try and make him as comfortable as possible now."

"Yes, of course! but, Mabel, he looks awfully sad."

"He does, poor dear fellow. It is this horrid ague. When I bid him good night he was trembling all over. It is some time since he has had such an attack. We must get his old prescription made up. I will join him presently on the beach. What are you going to do, Dorothy?"

"Oh! there is the everlasting practice with Henrietta."

"Then I will tell Paul to go and take you away at one o'clock. Herbert would like to see you at luncheon."

Dorothy sped away with a light heart. The clouds she fancied so threatening were breaking, and behind them lay clear, blue sky.

The holiday so much enjoyed by Paul Standish was nearly over. Egerton contrived to prevent anything like *tête-a-tête* intercourse between him and his ward during the last few days, to Dorothy's great disgust. There was such a thorough sense of companionship between the two, that any third person spoiled their frank intercourse, and Egerton's third was particularly unpleasant to Dorothy.

It was, then, a great relief to her mind when Paul presented himself, unexpectedly, at Miss Oakeley's sitting-room at the time appointed, and they walked leisurely back to The Knoll, talking pleasantly of many things.

"So Callander took his disappointment about his intended second edition of the Honeymoon very calmly," said Dorothy.

"Very kindly and calmly, though I think he was woefully disappointed. Perhaps he is better at home, as he has had a return of fever and ague. He is a dear. I think Mabel is so lucky to have found such a husband!"

"I think she is. What shall I do when you marry? My occupation will be o'er, without a wilful ward to manage."

"You can find some occupation in Dolly. She has a very great fancy for her mother. But don't fancy you will get rid of me so soon.

"I suspect I shall. I don't think Egerton is a man to be easily beaten, and I believe greatly in the effects of continuous suit, especially where the object to be won has a warm heart, a grateful nature.

"Thanks for your good opinion," said Dorothy, coloring, "but I don't find any especial gratitude in my nature towards Mr. Egerton. You know what my belief is as regards his professions of love, I think he could not feel he did, some electric current of sympathy would make me considerate for him, instead of feeling as I do, a little flint."

"It is a most extraordinary impression, and I cannot share it," he returned, thoughtfully. "You will find out your mistake some fine day, and then—" Mr. Egerton's tactics were mind. Keep me posted up in the interesting history, Dorothy. I shall look for your letters. If you hold out against Egerton, there is but one way of accounting for it."

"You are wrong on all points," said Dorothy, hastily, shaking her head but smiling archly. "I'll disappoint you in one point now."

"Very well. When do they talk of coming up!"

"Oh, if Herbert is well enough, they are going to General Urquhart's for some shooting in November. I am to remain here till they find a home in town, and then we join forces."

"Well, I am obliged to go to Berlin to amuse myself for some little time next week. I shall be home again before you come up to town."

These words drove her back to the house, and in the hall they found nurse (Mrs. McHugh) looking for one of Miss Dolly's gloves, which she had lost.

"Has Mrs. Callander come in?"

"No, Miss; she was going out to meet the Colonel early, but just as she was putting on her hat in the hall, two outlandish men came to the front door—by good luck I hadn't gone out, so I waited with the missus, for I must say they were very outlandish looking, as is that foreign ship there, and I say they ought not to be let rampage about, frightening respectable people. One was a great, tall, wild-looking fellow with eyes like a tiger, in a manner of speaking, the other, a fat little chap, with curls, both nearly as dark as niggers; the fellow with the tiger eyes spoke

## "Love Under the Lindens."

"Father," said Hetty Plumer, "I wish you would let me go into the factory."

"Into the factory!" said Mr. Plumer, dropping his pen into the middle page of his account book, and staring up with eyes of round surprise. "Nonsense, child, nonsense! What do you want to go into a factory for!"

The rosy sunset was gilding the ancient roof-tree of Laurel Farm; the merry babble of the brook in the ravine sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness, and the grand blackbird, who always came to the milkroom window to receive his vesper meal from Hetty's own plump fingers, was swinging idly to and fro on the branch of the apple tree, uttering a flute-like note now and then; Mr. Plumer sat by the kitchen table, grim, bald-headed, worn to a skeleton by hard work; Hetty stood at the opposite casement, picking over jet-black cherries for the tea-table, a dimpled, fair-faced girl, with solemn blue eyes and brown hair curled in a knot at the back of her head.

"I should like a little money of my own," said Hetty, timidly.

"Don't I give you a dollar a week, as long as the city boarders stay!" demanded Mr. Plumer.

"Yes, but you put it all into the savings bank," complained poor Hetty, "and I never have a penny of my own to spend."

"All you need! all you need!" said the farmer, authoritatively, and he went on with those endless accounts, until poor Hetty felt as if all the world must be represented by numbers.

Mr. Plumer owned the farm, and Martha managed the household and Hetty was at everyone's beck and call. The city boarders, to be sure, made a pleasant change in the monotonous life, but then she was afraid of them—of all, except Hugh Allaire, who helped her with the sick chickens, picked blackberries with her, of the dewy August mornings, and told her how to manage her camellias, pinks and drooping begonia plants.

He had come down to Laurel Farm in charge of an invalid cousin, and Hetty soon began to miss him during his occasional absences, and to rejoice at his returning, in a degree which was by no means accounted for by the chickens and the pinks. And, truly, Hugh Allaire was a frank, honest, young fellow, who would fully justify any girl's partiality.

Poor Hetty! She felt that she was shabbily dressed, and many a time she had stepped behind the lilac hedges to conceal the contrast, as the gaily attired city damsels fluttered by, in search of ferns, or upon botanical expeditions into the cool woods.

"And yet," said Hetty to herself, "I should be as good-looking as any of them, if only I had their silks and ribbons and lace frills!"

And when Farmer Plumer absolutely vetoed the factory question, Hetty's active mind turned in other directions.

"Miss Edgett teaches in a Fifth avenue school," she pondered, as, mentally, the summer boarders passed in review before her. "They pay her liberally, people say. But I couldn't teach. I am not wise enough for that. Mrs. Arbley is an artist, and paints miniatures on ivory for fifty dollars each. I can't paint. Miss Folliott writes for the Boston magazines. I wonder if I could write for the papers?"

But Aunt Jemima threw cold water on this scheme.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Jemima, who was cutting up pigeons for a pie. "Folks has to be born with a talent for that sort of thing."

"But how do I know that I wasn't born with it?" queried Hetty, persistently.

"I guess you'd have found it out before this," said Aunt Jemima, packing her pie-crust-lined pan with the tender legs and wings of pigeons and raining a liberal shower of salt and pepper over the layer thereby formed. And thus repulsed, Hetty carried her query to Miss Folliott herself.

Mary Folliott, who made laborious translations for very little remuneration, smiled sadly on the young aspirant.

"You might try," said she. "The field is open to all. I would not willingly discourage any one, although my own experience has been trying."

So Hetty sat down and wrote a little story—a story of country fields and sweet smelling woods, with such simple element of love as her girlish experience had taught her; and she read it to Hugh Allaire.

"Do you think the *Weekly Leader* will publish it?"

"Of course it will," said Hugh. And so she sent it in.

And, encouraged by Mr. Allaire's cordial interest, she told him all her hopes and fears with innocent openness.

"Hetty," said he, "it's all nonsense your not looking as well as those puffed and painted city girls. You are a rose in a garden of poppies; a diamond in a heap of glass stones. You are prettier, at this moment, than any girl in the lot of 'em."

But Hetty laughed and shook her head.

"I know better than that," said she. "But if once Love Under the Lindens is accepted, I'll have a new bonnet of white, split straw, and real French roses in it. And then you shall see!"

In a week or so, a check for a liberal sum arrived, drawn to "Hester Plumer."

"There!" cried triumphant Hetty. "It must be a good story or it would not be accepted."

"Of course," said Hugh, nodding his head. "Didn't I tell you so?"

So Hetty wrote a second story and sent it, and this, also, was liberally paid for. Miss Folliott was a little surprised at the brilliant success of this entirely inexperienced *debutante*. Mr. Plumer stared. Aunt Jemima wished she had thought of writing for the papers before her knuckles had grown too stiff to hold a pen.

But the venerable couple were still more astonished, one day, when Hugh Allaire asked pretty Hetty to marry him.

"Me!" cried Hetty, turning pink and white. "Are you quite sure you don't mean one of the city girls?"

"Yes, quite," said Hugh. And he seemed so certain about it that Hetty questioned the matter no further, and confessed that she did like him "just a little, you know!"

The next day Miss Folliott's sister arrived from New York to spend a few days in the country. Hetty herself conducted her to her room and showed her the delicious view across the mountain crests.

"So you've got the young editor here," said Miss Georgina Folliott.

"What editor?" said Hetty.

"Of the *Weekly Leader*, you know," said Miss Georgina.

"No," said Hetty, her heart beginning to thump nervously at the mere idea.

"But you have, though," nodded the newcomer. "I saw him smoking a pipe under the big chestnut-tree, as they carried my trunk upstairs."

"That was Mr. Allaire," said Hetty, blushing very red indeed.

"Well," said Miss Georgina, adjusting her curls, "and that is the editor of the *Weekly Leader!*"

Hetty stood still in blank amazement.

"Didn't you know it?" said Miss Folliott.

"Is it really true?" said Hetty.

"Of course it is," said Miss Folliott.

And Hetty ran away to hide her burning blushes in the cool little dell behind the house, where the spring bubbled up among the green ferns. There, a little later, Hugh Allaire found her.

"Crying, Hetty?" he said. "My little love, what is the matter?"

"You have deceived me," said Hetty.

"Never!" said Hugh.

"You didn't tell me that you were the editor of—of——" faltered Hetty.

"You never asked me," retorted Hugh.

"And it was you who sent me the checks for those stories!" sobbed Hetty.

"Of course, it was," said he. "Why shouldn't I!"

"I never should have had courage to read 'em to you if I had thought you were an editor!" cried Hetty.

"I knew that," said Mr. Allaire. "I kept the dreadful truth to myself. Do you think, Hetty, darling, it would be such a terrible thing to be an editor's wife?"

Hetty looked up, laughing through her tears.

"I don't know," said she; "but I think I shall try it."

She was married when October painted all the leaves with scarlet, and Love Under the Lindens became a reality in her own bright life. Hugh still wrote for the papers any more. She says she hasn't time.

### Why, Certainly.

"I love you, dear," he softly said—
"My pa is in the leather trade;"
(She turned away her golden head);
"In fact my pa is very nearly made."

"Retail or wholesale?" murmured she.
"Tis well to be precise, you know
I give my heart, my life to thee,
If it be wholesale; if not!"

"It is, of course," the youth replied,
And clasped her to his fervent breast.
"Then I'm thine own," she faintly sighed,
"My fate with thine shall ever rest."

*London Society.*

### Are Women Less Susceptible to Cold than Men?

The above is not such an idle question as some people may think, and those who have thought it right to be answered by a hasty affirmative are advised to wait for a little consideration before making up their minds on the subject. Of course, it does not particularly matter whether the gentle sex is, or is not, less susceptible to the influence of cold than the sterner sex, but the writer has had exceptional opportunities of judging, hopes to show that this question is not such a purposeless one as would at first appear.

As a busy journalist, much of whose work lies out of doors, the writer has for a long time noticed that a woman can dare the keenest east winds or cutting northern gales, habilited in an amount of clothing under which a man would feel cold on a moderately warm spring day. To begin with, let us take that last development of fashionable life—the church parade in Hyde Park. During last month's Sundays—and April Sundays are like April days, often very cold and raw—anyone might have seen hundreds of women dressed in the latest fashion, but whose garments were evidently worn more for appearance sake than for warmth.

Here, for instance, comes a young lady wearing the newest thing in sleeves, which are so made as to prevent the use of a cloak or jacket. If she is cold she does not show it, but her escort—a tall, bronzed man, who has evidently seen a good deal of all sorts of weathers—is wearing a heavy overcoat lined with fur, and he has actually turned the collar up about his ears.

Or take the early race meetings. The men on the grand stands or in the saddling paddock wear thick, substantial Melton overcoats and solid looking leather gloves, to say nothing of boots with inch-thick soles. Look at their companions of the fair sex. There is hardly a wrap amongst them. The latest thing in silks and laces from a fashionable dressmaker seems sufficient to keep them warm. Look at the couple strolling across the course yonder—the man in heavy overcoat, the girl with nothing more than her gown and a dainty parasol. How does she resist the cold wind which comes rushing along the level country!

Or turn to a football match in the depth of winter. The men are muffled up to the eyes in overcoat, muffler, thick gloves, etc. They sweat terribly cold, and make the pavilion shake by stamping their feet. Look at these fashionably attired young ladies in tailor-made gowns and natty jackets with big buttons. The only warm things they seem to wear are the long fur boas which dangle so charmingly from under their dimpled chins, and the tiny muffs in which their delicately-gloved hands repose. And yet they are not cold.

Or turn to the girl who goes yachting. Whatever is there in that "latest thing" that keeps her warm in the sharp evenings when men are glad to get inside a thick pea-jacket? How does she keep the circulation going in her hands, considering that they are encased in tight "number sixes?"

Everybody knows that athletic men are very careful about taking precautions against cold. The cricketer heaps on sweater, jacket, and muffler after a long innings. The football-player takes a hot bath and puts on his thick overcoat. Not so the girl who plays tennis. After getting thoroughly hot, she drops into a chair, fans herself, and asks for an ice.

It is too much for an ordinary male being to understand all this. Will any compassionate member of the fair sex come forward and tell us how it is that our wives, sisters, sweethearts and cousins can keep warm on an amount of clothing under which we men would shiver.—*London Tit Bits.*

### Didn't Follow the Example.

"When I was a b-b-oy," old stuttering, lying John Sligby used to say, "I read the life-story of G-G-George Washington and the l-l-little-h-hatchet, and I-l-l-liked it so well that I th-thought I'd p-play it on my f-f-father. So I w-went out and ch-chopped the cherry-tree th-that he'd taken lots of p-pains with. And when he c-came home and asked ab-ut it I said: 'I c-c-cannot tell a lie, father; I d-d-did it w-with my ax.' and he gave me such a h-h-h—l of a l-lammin' that I h-h-haven't told the t-truth since."—*Cincinnati Times.*

### Sleeping With Baby.

The free from care and ease taking old bachelor who, in his non entary lapse of wisdom, contemplates matrimony should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to some time sleep with a baby should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to cast this theory aside from no a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of eight or ten months, will decline to stay covered and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by kicking his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back. He will also insist on lying cross-wise, end-wise, cat-a-cornered, bias, or in any other position which he thinks will give you a few inches of room in the bed and a few minutes' sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves at about three o'clock in the morning, at which witching hour you will go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water. He will howl at intervals from 2 until 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use to pinch him tenderly and coo out "hush-a-by." He is right there and knows it and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly, "What does papa's baby want?"

Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your Judgment Day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive throughout all, she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor, dear, little innocent darling sweetness."

He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angle worm. He will journey around all over the bed both under and on top of the coverings. You are no sooner asleep than one of his moist little heels is planted firmly on your nose or in your mouth, and, later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride your neck and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and yell loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say she firmly believes that you pushed him out, and that you are not fit to be a father anyhow. An animated dialogue of a purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the roystering little chap finally "snuggles up" to you and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little paws resting on your own and one of his warm soft arms around your neck you find your heart growing very tender and tender towards him and you would, single-handed, wage war against a host, or lay down your life for love of him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### His Opinion of a Rough World.

Two Irish porters at the Grand Pacific Hotel at a turn in the stairway were resting from their labors in carrying a book-laden trunk to the floor above.

"It's tough work, Mike," said one.

"True fer ye. But phwat d'yez ixpect in this wurruld?"

"Divil a bit."

"Thin ye'll not be disappinted."

"That's true, too. Indade, it is a rough wurruld."

"Ah, yer roight there. Sure 'tis that rough Oi sometimes think," said Mike as the two took a fresh hold. "Oi sometimes think we'll never git out of it alolve."—*Chicago Post.*

### He Was Suspicious.

"Waiter, do you keep any cats at this establishment?"

"Yessir! we've got two splendid ones."

"Be good enough to bring me them here; I am so fond of cats!"

Waiter exit and returns presently with a couple of fine fat pussies in his arms.

"So, put them down there; and now go and order me a dinner of roast hare!"

### The Passing of Base-Ball.

Foreign Visitor—I see it stated that public interest in base-ball is declining.

American Host (sadly)—I fear it is. I fear it is. I haven't seen an umpire mobbed this season.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

### A Household Hint.

"Ice is too expensive, Mary. You must get along without it."

"But how am I to keep the beef fresh, and the butter and milk cool?"

"You have a fan, haven't you?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

### The Habit Strong.

(Ardently, to milliner's assistant)—Lucy Ribboncounter, life would be worthless to me without your love!

(Dreamily)—My heart is yours, Harry. Where will you have it sent?

### The Difference Between Single and Married Men.

The married man can never again become the single man. His wife may die, or get divorced, or elope with another man, but her husband can never go back to the virgin state of single blessedness, and he knows it, though he tries his best to compass it.

A married man always carries his condition with him like a trade mark. Anybody of average discernment can detect him at a glance.

He does not pinch his toes with tight boots. He does not wear yellow and violets. He never parts his hair in the middle. He keeps his seat in the horse-car when the pretty girl, laden with bundles, comes in. He knows that his wife wouldn't approve of his rising. He does not get up flirtations with the good-looking salswoman where he buys his gloves; he remembers that little birds are flying all around telling tales, and he has a horror of curtain-lectures; somehow, married men never seem to arrive at that state of beautitude where they do appreciate the kind of literary performance known as curtain-lectures.

The married man had come to that stage when he is convinced that the way his necktie hangs may not be any more important than his soul's salvation. He knows for a certainty that home happiness does not depend on the amount of starch in his bosom, but he will have to have been at least three times wedded before he will able to be reconciled to a collar-band two sizes small, or one size large. The man who can smile at fate when it swoops down upon him in the shape of an ill-fitting collar-band, is nearly ready for canonization.

The married man goes to sleep in church. He is placid when somebody's baby cries at the play. He carries bundles with meekness. He know the prices of sugar and round steak. He knows that bustles are going out of fashion. He can distinguish between false "crimps" and those which grow on the head. He knows that women put their hair in papers. Powder is no longer a mystery to him. He can detect it on the faces of his female friends, and he looks out that it does not get on his coat, because he knows his wife can detect it too.

He is not distracted if she smiles on other men, as he once was. He can read the paper a whole evening, and never thinks of squeezing her hand. He is sleepy by nine o'clock. Before they were married he could sit up with her till day-dawn, and never dream of such a thing as sleep. He no longer loves her cat and dog. He frequently says that he wishes cats had been left out of the scheme of creation. He does not worry sick if his wife mooning animal. He has little sympathy for wifely headaches. Once he was on the verge of lunacy over any of her little ailments; now he is a great deal more concerned as to what he is likely to have for dinner. He doesn't spend any money on flowers. He lays it out in cigars instead.

He is no longer acting with a purpose in view—he has married her, and he is himself once more. Once he was, and not an ideal, romantic, sonnet-writing lover.

And what about the single man?

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### A Question of Sex.

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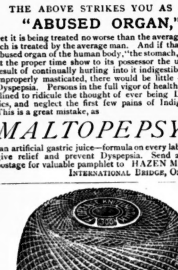

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# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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VOL. III] TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1890. [No. 29


## Music.

The attendance at the Gilmore band concerts last week demonstrated two facts: firstly, that the Pavilion is of no practical use for matinees, and secondly, that good band music is as popular as ever. As to the first I question very much whether there has ever been a well filled room at the Pavilion matinee. The location of the building is against it. It is all right enough in the evening when paterfamilias is on hand himself to pay the carfare, but when left to their own devices, our wives and daughters, bless them, most heartily begrudge the little expenditure. It can be applied so much better in the purchase of an ice or a fal-lal. Regarding good band music, all must admit that Mr. Gilmore lives up to his record very well in this respect. I noticed here and there slight uncertainties in attack but they would have been passed over without a thought in a band of lesser reputation. In numbers the band was not as large as at some former visits, being under forty strong. But its playing was very fine. It has often been said that Gilmore is no musician or that he is only an ordinary one, and that anyone could make good music if he had a band composed of such artists. This is all very fine, but when you find a bandmaster conducting four whole programmes without a note of music before him, and with all the artistic points carefully observed, I think all unprejudiced people will be forced to admit that no ordinary musician could do Mr. Gilmore's work as he does it. Bandsmen have only every-day human nature after all, and unless they are watched and corrected, they will become careless and indifferent, just like other men, and the general efficiency goes down at once. His vocalists this year were, of course, not up to the standard of last year, but were fairly efficient, and succeeded in gaining applause and encores galore; so I suppose if the audiences were satisfied, we need not grumble.

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It is to be hoped that the Carnival Committee will not lose sight of the enjoyment good band music always affords to the populace, and that we shall have plenty of music all over the city. A good thing to do would be to take advantage of so many bands being here Dominion Day and to mass the best of them into one grand combined band at the fireworks at the Exhibition grounds. We have had a few concerts of combined bands which have been uniformly successful and popular, but we have never had anything on so large a scale as this occasion affords the opportunity for, and a little pains as well as, of course, a little outlay, would give us a most enjoyable concert. The big choral and orchestral concert has unfortunately fallen through, but I hear that a chorus of some eight hundred children will take part in the proceedings, and will sing some of their school songs under Mr. A. T. Cringan. This should prove one of the most enjoyable features of the carnival, and will undoubtedly add much to the public interest in the event.

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The organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, Mr. A. S. Vogt, was the gratified recipient on Tuesday evening of a handsome diamond ring presented by his choir. Mr. Vogt has popularized himself with all classes of musical people since his arrival in Toronto, and has been specially successful in his choir work. He has a very efficient body of choristers, who are doing good work. They gave a very enjoyable concert on the same evening, rendering some part songs very effectively, and had the assistance of Miss May Donnelly, Mr. Harry M. Blight and Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser as soloists, while Miss Horning and Mr. Lugsdin, members of the choir, also sang solos.

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The Canadian College of Organists has called its annual meeting for July 3, when some proposed changes in the constitution will be considered, and officers will be elected for the ensuing year. METRONOME.

## The Drama.

Struck Gas has been lagging rather superfluously on the stage of Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house this week, although it has done fairly well considering the weather and the disinclination of the Toronto public to go to the theater at this time of the year. Struck Gas, though something of a chestnut, still contains a good deal of fun. It is one of those convenient things called farce comedies that never mean anything and can be loaded up afresh with new gags and new songs every month. In this way it never grows absolutely stale and always furnishes a good entertainment to an audience not over fastidious. The leading lights in the company playing it here this week are James R. Bradbury, William Dobson, Hattie Haynes and Josie Cassell, who are all able to give good satisfaction in their respective parts.

No one who has been a frequenter of the theaters during the past season can have failed to observe the extraordinary frequency with which "baby" actors and actresses were trotted on the stage. The woods have been full of Lord Fauntleroys and Booties' Babies who piped forth their little speeches or did their precocious song and dance acts in imitation of their bigger brethren and sisters. The New York *Mercury* commenting on this rage for child actors says:—"Each recurring season furnishes its own theatrical "fad," and that just closed will be painfully remembered for its opulence of child actresses and instrumentalists. Little Lord Fauntleroys have become nearly as numerous as the sands on the seashore, while infantile piano thumpers and violin scratchers are so abundant that they are quoted as being drugs in the amusement market. It is very rare that children who have been crammed with stage knowledge in their early years ever amount to much in later life. New York has had the Bateman children, the Marsh children and the Holman children when they gave great artistic promise for the future, but where are they now? Of the three organizations named there are not more than two or three of their members who have achieved good positions in current theatricals. For a time juvenile dramatic and musical precocity has pushed ripened adult talent and experience to the wall, but the paying public is tired of the Hoffmanns, the Hegners, and the Fauntleroys, who have for the past year inflicted flatulent nursery art diet upon grown-up intelligence. There is no doubt that these little folks have been well paid for their drafts upon popular sympathy and curiosity, and have thereby made their fathers and mothers financially content, but the impression generally prevails that right-thinking parents should scorn dependence upon their infants, who, like the dogs, goats, birds and monkeys in circus side-shows, have been trained to do certain things for public entertainment at so much a week. The little children thus drilled into automatic action and parroted into dramatic prattle fret and strut behind the theater footlights for only a brief period, as when advancing teens dissipate their infantile precocity and innocence they are relegated to the ranks of the great army of youthful bread-hunters. It is highly probable that some of the juvenile acting farms established in this city will find their incomes diminished at the end of the current year, as it is manifest in managerial circles that the supply of child actors and musicians is far in excess of the trade demand, consequently many of the enterprising fabricators of star baby talent will have to shut up shop and go to work. Occasionally there are preternaturally gifted juveniles who appear on the amusement horizon and dazzle the multitude by their marvelous gifts; but such visitations are rare and their exceptional talents are at once recognized and appreciated. Yet even these cannot retain a permanent hold upon a clientele so fickle in its composition as that which claims to support dramatic and musical art. Hence the public may be congratulated upon its probable exemption from the wiles of stage children during the coming season, while the little victims of money-grasping effort will be rescued from methods of life which to them are utterly devoid of future mental or physical value.

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The following sketch of Lillian Russell's theatrical career is given by the New York *Truth*: "Miss Russell has had a strange career since her first appearance at the Bijou Theater in Audran's opera, The Snake Charmer, when she played the opposite part to Selina Dolaro. Her appearance on that occasion was a revelation of willowy grace of form, beauty of face and freshness of voice; at one bound she leaped into popularity and became the idol of New York mashers. In the height of her success she made the great mistake of her life by marrying Edward Solomon, the composer of Billee Taylor, a man of undoubted genius in his art and equal laxity in his morals. With him she went to England, and would have succeeded, but that her husband was under a cloud in London, and being a self-opinionated little man, he insisted upon his wife devoting herself altogether to the exploitation of his own works, thereby involving her in the darkness that enveloped him, which has not yet been wholly dissipated. Under his control she made a tour through France as the heroine in Billee Taylor, an opera totally unsuited to French taste. Her own personality, however, carried her through, and *La belle blonde* was an accepted favorite. Returning to America with her husband she was again sacrificed to his selfishness and lack of judgment. She was thrown away in Pepita and obscured in the Moonshiners. Luckily for her, at this juncture, a former wife of Mr. Solomon's, whose existence he had ignored, turned up in England, and the fair Lillian got rid of her 'old man of the sea,' and was free once more, with nothing to remind her of the past but a charming little daughter who inherits her mother's beauty and her father's talent without the stains that his bohemianism had impressed upon his life. From that time Lillian Russell's success has been continued and increasing till she is now confessedly the favorite prima donna of comic opera in the United States. Her voice has regained its former freshness, and has been improved by sedulous cultivation. Her figure has lost the fleshiness that, for a time, threatened to mar its symmetry, and she is now a charming vocalist and a perfectly beautiful woman. Even her acting has improved wonderfully since the matrimonial fetters fell from her shapely wrists, and her indomitable industry leads her onward and upward in her art."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mrs. Langtry is coming to America this month.

Apropos of Mary Anderson's wedding the *Mirror* says: "Our Mary will soon be his Mary."

Carmencita, the famous dancer, can neither read nor write, but possesses a pair of highly educated feet.

It is stated that Mary Anderson's stage successor in London is Miss Julia Neilson, a very beautiful and talented actress. Many will remember the portrait of Miss Neilson published in SATURDAY NIGHT some time ago.

Manager Al Hayman while in London recently arranged to direct the tour of the London Gaiety Company through America for next season. Fred Leslie, Little Lind and Nellie Farren will head that organization. From the success which attended the appearance of the other branch of the Gaiety Company when here this last winter it is not improbable that strong efforts will be made to get the Farren-Leslie company to visit Toronto when they come next winter.

Mr. E. D. Price, who has undertaken to manage the notorious Mrs. Leslie Carter of Chicago divorce fame, seems to have had much difficulty in getting a leading actor to support her. It is now reported that he has secured Mr. Arthur Dacre, a well-known London actor, as a leading man. Mr. Dacre was the original Jim the Penman and the original Victor de Bard in Impulse. He has an excellent reputation in London as a first class actor. His wife is known on the stage as Amy Roselle. She is a fine actress of Mrs. Kendal's style and appearance.

I need not say that women who have tasted the illusion of dramatic success rarely recover from it, says New York *Truth*. The stoutest of them succumb to the flattery and applause. I once called to see an actress who had struggled and suffered for years in her profession, but who had married a wealthy man and retired. I congratulated her, and drank her health in good wine, and she said, "There is nobody around, stand over there, and let me do a scene from Camille. I want to hear you applaud."

Mart Hanley, Edward Harrigan's right-hand and manager, has, during the engagement of his star at Washington, revived an old story which is worth re-telling. Several years ago, when the professional firm of Harrigan and Hart was still in existence, the Capital was being treated to a course of that amusing piece of nonsense, The Mulligan Guards. A small boy, of colored parentage, was engaged to carry a target which was used in the burlesque scene of rifle practice. One night the urchin requested the private ear of the good-natured Harrigan, and having obtained it, confidentially informed the comedian that he must be excused from the matinee on the ensuing day. "And why, my boy?" asked Harrigan. "'Cos, sir," replied the poor atom of ebony, "brudder's gwine to be hung tomorrer," nor was there visible on his black and shining face the slightest trace of unusual emotion or grief.

M. Grau, the impresario of Sara Bernhardt said in a recent interview: "If anything can console Sara for the inaction which her indisposition imposes upon her, it is certainly the amount of sympathy which she receives. You have no idea of how good a woman she really is, and you will never know the number of people whom she has assisted. To form an idea of it you should be intimately acquainted with her as I have been for the last four years. Sara has made millions, and she hasn't a cent. The money that she earns from her great talent she gives away, often to people who, after having received her assistance, speak ill of her the next day. But that never discourages her in her generosity. Let me speak of her love of children, the gamins of the neighborhood, that she brings around her every Sunday. She sends them off to the circus or to the hippodrome, after having stuffed them with bonbons and cakes. Each one of these feasts costs her about twenty-five louis."

A late Melbourne, Australia, *Bulletin* thus criticises the performances of Mrs. James Brown-Potter and Kyrle Bellew: "Above, in the amphitheater, where Worth (of Paris) is not a name to conjure with, public interest in Mrs. Potter took the form of exhortations to speak up and vented itself in irreverence calculated to disgust Worth of Paris had that excellent milliner been there. Even K. Bellew provoked an occasional scoff, although he also is a splendidly upholstered person, who realizes our dreams of an adult Little Lord Fauntleroy. When Mrs. Potter sank like a snowflake upon Bellew's knee or fell violently against his heaving bosom a roar of laughter damped her ardor and doubtless dissuaded her from putting on the Grecian bag, which is reported to be her histrionic card. Bellew, indeed, is a fragile variety of blossom, so perhaps the boys were convulsed at the thought of Mrs. Potter breaking him. But even in its arrested development evidences of the possible sublimity of Mrs. Potter's stage cuddle were not wanting. She is earnestly recommended to let it go and never mind the boys. Mrs. Potter is likewise great on the faint, although Bellew, for the matter of that, can go down sideways with a sickening thud."

## Art and Artists.

I understand from a report in one of the daily papers that Mr. Paul Peel is about to visit his native land ere long and that he will be tendered a reception by some of his fellow-townmen on his arrival. The enterprising town on the Thames has certainly good reasons for being a little proud of her talented son.

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Mr. J. R. Pinhey and his bride of Montreal have been in the city during the past week viewing the O.S.A. exhibition and visiting the studios.

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Mr. Charles Broughton of New York, formerly of Toronto, has also been spending a portion of his honeymoon in the city. Mr. Broughton hails, I think, from Hamilton and was at one time a pupil of Mr. Wm. Cruikshank. His predilection for black and white work sent him to New York to obtain a wider field for his talents. His signature now appears to drawings in *Scribner's Magazine* and various other high-class illustrated periodicals.

•

Matt Morgan, the New York scenic artist and illustrator, died very suddenly in that city last week. His name is one with which most Canadian artists are more or less familiar, through his work for the illustrated papers. He was a most gifted scenic painter. His most pretentious work was Christ at the Bethlehem Gate, which was exhibited throughout the country by Mr. J. M. Hill.

•

A London paper gives the following interesting information concerning the elections of the English Royal Academy. It says: In filling vacancies in the ranks of the forty R. A.'s and thirty Associates of the Royal Academy every April, there is no proposing or seconding, but each member writes down on a piece of paper the name of the man for whom he wishes to vote, and signs his own name at the bottom. When the voting papers have been examined, the names of those candidates who have obtained five votes are posted on a blackboard, and the voting is repeated until a sufficient number of candidates has obtained the necessary majority. The election of R.A.'s takes place in precisely the same manner, both Associates and R.A.'s having the right to vote. While the polling proceeds, the outer hall is crowded with a noisy, motley body of all colors and races, consisting of the models of all the artists who stand any chance of being elected. As soon as the result is declared, the throng breaks up and dashes away at full speed for the houses of the successful men. The model who arrives first with good news generally receives an honorarium of one guinea. We can fancy the anxious candidate alone in his studio making a vain pretence of working at his picture, when suddenly there is a ring at the bell, and in bounds an excited Zulu or Spaniard to tell him that he has been chosen a ruler in the artist world. Only two women have been R. A.'s, Angelica Kauffman and an artist whose name is now forgotten, Mrs. Morley. A certain discontented voter at an election held during Mrs. Morley's lifetime affixed a cross to her name. When asked why he did so, he sarcastically replied, "I'd as soon have one old woman president as another." The president gets a substantial salary of £2,000 per annum, but, like the Lord Mayor, he has to spend it in entertaining. The ordinary R. A.'s scale of fees is 10s. 6d. for elections and general assemblies, £1 1s. for special meetings, and £2 2s. per day for serving on the judging and hanging committees. Of course, these amounts do not pretend to be any return for the time spent; like jurymen's fees, they about cover expenses and cab fares.

•

During the summer months the members of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club will devote their energies to outdoor pursuits, when papers and lectures will be dispensed with and sketching classes, photographic trips and tours of building inspection will occupy their time. On Tuesday last the club gave a smoking concert as a winding up of the season's work. The programme gave evidence that the architectural profession is not lacking in musical talent. Songs were contributed by Messrs. Herbert Matthews, J. A. Radford, J. J. Woolnough, H. W. Allardice and J. H. Fawell, the latter giving guitar accompaniments to all the singers. Mr. Harry Simpson's ventriloqual selections and Mr. J. B. Williams' witty readings completed the evening's enjoyment. VAN.

### His First Arrest.

"I shall never forget the first arrest I made as chief of police of La Crosse," said George W. Peck, the father of the Bad Boy. "There was a character in town," said he, "known as Irish Mary. She was in the workhouse about three hundred and sixty days in the year. When she would serve out her time, in the morning for instance, she would be back before night. She was the terror of the force. It always took four men and a drag to bring her in. There was no such thing as walking her to the station. They would throw her on a drag and sit on her, and she yelled like a Comanche while she was put behind the bars. After I became chief I wondered what I could do to reform this woman. I wanted the night of bringing her to the station on a drag stopped. It was demoralizing. Every man on the force had had a tussle with her. Every man on the force had a scar where she had bitten, scratched or hit him. I knew that I couldn't reform her with the old force, and no new man would join the force unless he was assured that he should have nothing to do with Irish Mary. I concluded I would try it myself.

"She was serving out a ten days' term when I took charge. On the last day of her time I went to her cell and said to her that I was Chief of Police. She put her hands on her hips, looked at me and laughed. She evidently thought I was a poor one. I then told her that when she got out I wanted her to come to the office, straight from the station. She did and I told her I had some work for her to do. It was done and I paid her liberally. I gave her $5. The job wasn't worth more than $1. Then I told her that I wanted her to promise me that she would spend this money in some saloon near the City Hall, and that I would come after her myself. I said to her: 'Mary, when I come to arrest you I am going to treat you like a lady, and I want you to treat me like a gentleman. I don't want you to bite, scratch or claw. Now go, and make it near by so I won't have to walk too far.'

"She gave me a strange look. I think it was the first time any official had ever spoken to her kindly. I thought once I could detect tears in her eyes, but I guess that was a fancy. I gave instructions to the force not to arrest Irish Mary without my order. I raised the window in my office and sat down to listen. Irish Mary had a yell on her when she got outside. It was like the unearthly whistle of the tug O. B. Green of Chicago. I had told Mary not to take more than three drinks and then yell. Pretty soon we heard her old, familiar yell. Everybody in town knew it. Word had been passed around that the new Chief of Police was going to arrest Mary and the people and the force were hiding around in the business center to see the performance.

"When I heard the yell I started. I found Mary in a saloon near by. She was making the air dangerous. I said, 'Mary, you know what you promised me; that you would come with me and that you wouldn't bite, claw or hit. Take my arm. I am going to treat you like a lady.' She took my arm and we walked to the station. Business was suspended for a few minutes along that street. Several times Mary acted as if she were going to yell, but she put her hand to her mouth each time and asked my pardon. She asked where the drag was and I told her that ladies did not ride in drags. 'And Ol'm a lady, I'm a lady,' she said. 'Yes, Mary, you are a lady and have got to be treated like a lady.' I was saying all this to keep her quiet. She would look at me, shut her eyes and say: 'Ol'm a lady, am I?' I said yes. 'And ye're a gentleman?' she repeated. And then she would add, 'Well, if I ever tot I'd live to see the police of this—Ol'm a lady and ye're a gintleman!'

"We reached the station and one of the patrol men was crossing the hall. Mary saw him. It was like the red rag and the bull. 'Arrah, now,' she said, 'be off wid ye, and don't ye tech me or I'll kick the clothes off ye, for Ol'm a lady.'

"I don't know that her reformation was immediate. I know it wasn't. But I think that incident caused her to reform. And she finally quit drinking. A relative died in Ireland and left her some money and the last I heard of her she was living on the old sod.

"There was no more clubbing on the La Crosse police while I was chief. A little kindness in place of little discretion is mightier than the club."

### Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Two tenors from the provinces meet in Paris.

"Have you got an engagement?"

"Alas! no.

"Between ourselves, I'm not surprised at it. The fact is, you sing out of tune."

"I am aware of it, and that's why I have always envied you."

"Because I sing correctly?"

"No; you are still worse out of tune than I am. But you don't know it."

### An Old Song.

*For Saturday Night.*

An old square porch; a bath of light;
A glorious moon with stately grace,
Calmly running a matchless race;
A few bright stars for this fairy night,
And over them all a fairer sight—
Their love.

The frogs are singing their joyous song,
And beetles and bugs, on the dewy ground
Chirping, add to the happy sound,
While two little hands that linger long,
Are safely hid in two, more strong—
In his.

He gently strokes her raven hair
And feels the pave of the fairy night,
Bathed in a wealth of silver light,
Her face is to him beyond compare;
He sees as he looks at the woman there—
His life.

H. SIGNS.

### Discomforts of Dreaming.

*For Saturday Night.*

I've stood and watched the angry lake,
The sky all stormy-brown,
And seen the restless, foam-stitched waves,
Wind-flung, on wet beach, down.

I've stood to watch, to dream, to hark,
In careless silence sweet,
Till those same restless, growing waves,
Had drenched my luckless feet.

### My Goode Redde Mare.

AN IMITATION.

*For Saturday Night.*

There be some thynke it goode, in the greenwoode,
To walk in the springtyme faire,
But blither am I, when hig's and drie,
I bestryde my goode redde mare;
As the horn soundes, I follow the hounde,
On theyre chase for the quarrie slie,
And o'er feldes fresh ploughed, it resoundeth full loud,
As they bark right savagelie.

Or chance as it may, on the king's highwaye,
I depaste on a journie long,
Goode companie and musicke for me,
Is Jen with her hoof's steele song;
And in night tyme drear, I share no fear,
With him that shoote doth you,
For with hoof's afyre, I can at desyre,
Escape from the doughtiest foe.

And when at the inn, sure I thynke it no sin,
(For I am to the manner borne)
A kysse to seeke, on the barmaide's cheeke,
While my mare doth munch her corne;
And of mauldee brew, with a draught deep an I true,
I drynke to a loosement from care,
For one and for alle, for great and for smalle,
And a health to redde Jennie, my mare. H. W.

### From Afar.

The wind is blowing,
The stars are glowing,
So are thine eyes, my sovereign queen!
Up in the heaven the moon is riding,
Above the clouds she is gilding, gilding,
Gazing at thee, I ween.

Her light is passing,
The clouds are massing,
The shadows reign supreme.
Thy love eludes me,
Thy glances deludes me,
Mocking, with eyes that dream.

Thou fair moon-maiden,
My heart is laden,
Laden with longing, deep with despair.
Thy strange alluring,
My soul immuring,
Leaves it a captive there.

The world doth claim thee;
I do not blame thee;
Only the darkness is mine.
It still contents me
That naught prevents me,
Afar, I may watch thee shine.

* * * * * * *

The moon is out, and the earth is black,
The sun is quenched in its fiery track,
And the stars are drowned, and my heart is dead.
The darkness reigns where the light hath fled,
'Tis the end of all, 'tis the hand of fate,
And with folded arms I wait, I wait.
From afar no more I may watch thee shine,
And the darkness is mine, and thine!

MARIE PETRAVSKY in *N. Y. Tribune.*

### 'Tis Time We Two Were Maying.

Oh, let us go a-Maying:
The warm south wind is blowing, and the wood is fresh and green,
And whispering leaves are saying
We are losing all by staying,
When sweet the grass is growing, and the cowslips in between.

'Tis time that we were Maying:
The birds will sing the sweeter when they know that there are two
In forest pathways straying
Who can tell what they are saying—
And cloud-ships sail the floster through the tender melting blue.

'Tis time we two were Maying:
For Summer days are flying and grim Winter comes apace.
And pleasure scorns delaying
Nor will tarry for our praying:
Then why should we be sighing, when the days are full of grace!

'Tis joy to go a-Maying,
When hawthorn boughs are filling with sweet odors field and grove,
And blushes are betraying—
What the lips dare not in saying—
And two young hearts are thrilling to the magic touch o love!

How shall we go a-Maying,
When Winter winds are blowing, and the skies are no more fair?
With love forever staying,
We shall always go a-Maying,
And find sweet flowers growing e'en when fields are bleak and bare. —ZIPELLA COCKE.

### What He Had To Say.

"I've something to tell you," he bashfully said,
And his face turned a lobster-like hue;
"I'm sure you've not guessed" (here his color all fled)
"What I'm going to mention to you."

"We've long known each other" (this listener's look
Encouragement gave to proceed);
"And I trust that true friendship will aid you to brook
Even impertinence, should there be need."

"Believe me," said she, with a love-waiting smile,
"Whate'er you may say, I'll not frown";
He gasped—in confusion he stood for a while—
"Your back hair is all coming down!"

## Noted People.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith claims to be the oldest living man born in Florida.

Mr. Lockhart, the artist who painted the much talked of jubilee picture, has been engaged on it since June, 1887.

Bliss Perry, a new writer, has published a book, Broughton House, which is well-spoken of and promises to bring fame to the author.

"Eli Perkins," otherwise Melville D. Landon, is in England, engaged in writing letters to a syndicate of American journals on "Things in General.

Countess Tolstoi makes hektograph copies of her husband's books that are under ban in Russia, and thus circulates them in the mail. She has nine living children, the oldest, a daughter, aged eighteen.

Miss Lena Caldwell, sister of the great Catholic heiress of America (who is affianced to Prince Murat), Miss Gwendolin Caldwell, will shortly be married to the present Minister of the German Government to Brazil.

Miss Josephine S. Mason, the teacher of drawing in the public schools of Helena, Mont., has just finished a fine head of Father Damien, the leper priest. It is done in chalk, and is pronounced by art critics an excellent piece of work.

Jay Gould has resumed his former habit of spending one or two evenings each week in the crowd of Wall street men at an up-town hotel. He does not do a great deal of talking himself, but he is a close listener to what others have to say.

Bret Harte is staying at Tunbridge Wells, England, not so much for his health, which is good, but in order that he may work without disturbance. Mr. Harte is engaged upon a story—a Pacific slope romance, no doubt—which will soon appear.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, the novelist, is the idol of novel publisners. All the productions of her pen are eagerly bought by them and easily disposed of. She is now living in Italy. She is a dainty little woman and very peculiar in her dress.

Private advices from St. Petersburg, from a highly credible source, state that the new American minister, Charles Emory Smith, and his accomplished wife, have made a most favorable impression alike in court and in social circles of the Russian capital.

Miss K. Marsden, who is going on a tour through Russia in quest of information regarding lepers and leprosy, was a nurse in the Russo-Turkish war of '77-'8. She has letters to officials throughout the country, obtained from no less a personage than the Empress, to whose notice the Princess of Wales recommended the brave girl.

The Marquise Clara Lanza, Dr. Hammond's daughter, is described as a decided blonde, whose fluffy hair, lying in short boyish locks against forehead and neck, could scarcely be a paler yellow, on her skin of a most unvarying pallor. She has lovely eyes, of a rare grayish blue, and regular features, but her charm lies chiefly in the mobility of her expression.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is a lovely, silver-haired lady of most gracious presence. Though her literary career began so early—she was in print at sixteen—and has been so brilliant, the good lady prides herself even more upon her household vialities. She has brought up three families—her step-children, her own children, and a flock of orphan nieces. She is not a member of Sorosis, nor indeed, of any club.

Oliver Bell Bunce, who died in New York May 15, has been associated for many years with the Messrs. Appleton, and was editor of *Appleton's Journal*. As an author, his works include The Opinions and Disputations of Bachelor Bluff, Timlas Terrystone, Don't, My-House, An Ideal, and The Story of Happing-lands. He was among the first who paid marked attention to illustrated works, and *Picturesque America* was his suggestion.

Lady Anne Blunt, granddaughter of Lord Byron, and only living child of "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," has forsworn the conventional life of England, and, with her husband, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and her daughter, has pitched her tent on the border of the Egyptian desert, six or seven miles from Cario, where the family scopt the Arab dress and customs, and in the healthful simplicity of their existence find a compensation for all they resign at home.

The career of Eugene Field of Chicago, whose name the journals have associated with the libretto of Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera, has been much that of the typical journalist. His father was an Eastern attorney who made a reputation and some fortune in St. Louis. Eugene had a somewhat varied experience in both eastern and western colleges, and after a trip to Europe, from which he returned with not much of his share of his father's estate remaining, he started in business as a journalist.

A jolly little old man with a round, ruddy face and a snow-white beard, says the New York *Star*, walked nervously up and down the Brevoort House corridor trying to get the sea roll out of his gait. He was Sir Roger Palmer, a retired major-general of the British army, who has seen service in about every quarter of the globe. Of the half dozen medals which decorated his breast, Gen. Palmer is proudest of that which shows that he was one of the famous Six Hundred who charged at Balaklava in the Crimean war. He arrived on the steamship Majestic, and will spend several months sightseeing through the United States and Canada.

Mr. Charles Frederick Worth—Worth the Great, the Worth of Paris—has a fine house on the Rue de la Paix, where he may be seen (by the initiated) during his official hours, moving slowly about with two little black dogs at his heels, his tall figure wrapped in a loose robe of the finest brown wool, a silk skull-cap on his well-shaped head, and an introspective look upon his serious face, as of Hans Breitman's sage, who "goes into himself a leedle dime, und gooms out mit a bome"—a poem of a gown. All his figured materials are designed for his exclusive use, the patterns being his property for the space of one business season at least. His greatest works of art are composed at some quiet French or German spa, in his summer vacations, and executed in the Paris house.

The *Lady's Pictorial* says: The sensation of the moment is indisputably the pending marriage of Mr. Stanley with Miss Dorothy Tennant. The one thing needful to complete the interest of the public in the intrepid, iron-willed explorer has now been supplied. With all Mr. Stanley's heroism and perseverance, it was impossible not to feel that the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin was lacking. But now this is all changed. The heart which, upon Stanley's own admission, has been vacant for twenty years, has at last found a charming tenant, if one may be pardoned a feeble pun, and the romance of his life is rounded off in a fashion delightfully appropriate enough to satisfy the most sentimental admirers of the great explorer.

## A Back Number.

However much we differ from our fellowmen, there is one peculiarity common to us all—that of hoarding up a collection of old letters and papers, and never re-reading them. If we all do not actually commit this folly (which was devised by the fiends for the purpose of lumbering up corners that should be utilized for more practical commodities), we at least feel a strong disposition to do so, and yet we are annually tempted to gather the old time letters and their attendant memories and toss them into the flames we so fervently wish could burn out the years wherein those memories had their birth, for ashes are really so beautiful, such blow-away pearl-grey things, they are like the afternoon petals on some odd and exquisite grey flower. But if I can help it this old paper beside me will never see the flames. It was published in Toronto and bears the date, September 28, 1867. In looking through its faded columns I begin to wonder what interest it can possibly contain for me, and with my mind fresh from reading of the present elections my eyes naturally rest on this item:

"COMPLIMENTARY DINNER—We understand from the London *Advertiser* that a complimentary dinner to Tuss. Scatcherd and James Smith, Esqrs., the successful Reform candidates in North Middlesex, will be given at Allas Craig on the 2nd of October, when invitations will be extended to the Hon. George Brown and Messrs. McKenzie, McKellar, Mills, F. Smith and other leading gentlemen in the Western Peninsula."

Surely this paper is a back number, we do not hear these names often now in connection with our campaigns. It cannot be for this that some one has so carefully hoarded it. Ah, here it is marked in faded ink, under the heading "City News:"

"A CHIEF IN COSTUME.

"After a grand review yesterday, inspected by Gen. Stisted, of all the military forces of this garrison, the 13th Hussars, headed by their fine band, and followed by the two batteries marched westward through King street to their quarters. The music gave notice of the approach of the troops, and citizens, strangers and the promiscuous groups of sightseers daily visiting the city were gratified with a view of a good cavalry and artillery force. At the front of the march and the observed of all, riding by the side of the commanding officers, was Chief Onwanonsyshon of the Six Nations, attired in the picturesque costume of his people. The chief received marked attentions from the officers of the forces, and seemed to be perfectly at home under his new honors. Hundreds who wondered who the distinguished visitor was. The chief, with his cocked hat and huge bunch of feathers, his erect manly bearing, looked a good field officer. It was very handsome of our military authorities thus to recognize the chief on whose breast dangled a medal of 1812, commemorating the valor of his father and his people. The act was graceful, honorable, poetic."

I dare not say what interest this item possesses for me, though it is a long time since the brave rebuke to the jet black pony by the side of the old British regulars or the young colonial militia. There is a beautiful, well-worn old buckskin costume folded away, a rusty scalping knife, and silver mounted tomahawk lying idly by not very far off. There is no one to carry them now.

But the extract from the old newspaper makes me wonder how many Torontonians know that the Duke of Connaught, whom they welcomed so royally and cheered so heartily recently, is a Chief of the Six Nation Indians. Twenty years ago, while on his first visit to Canada, he received the honor, proffered to few white men, of being ceremoniously initiated into the rites of chieftainship, thereby being enabled to take a seat among the hereditary chiefs in the Great Council and to have a voice in the government of the Six Nations.

Some of the chiefs in that confederacy have inherited their title through hundreds of years, and it is the greatest distinction and honor for them to confer the title upon an outsider. The Iroquois are the most exclusive and conservative people in the world regarding their rites and lineage. But it always pleases them to receive communications from the duke when they are signed "Your Brother-Chief—Arthur," and sometimes he attaches his Mohawk name "Kavakoudge," which means "The sun that flies from east to west—the great sun which travels from morning till night over the vast dominions of our Queen."

And with his assumption of this name with its distinct Indian significance, and his rank and title of Chief of the Six Nations, he was decorated with an exquisite sash of Indian workmanship, rare and odd in its ornamentation of beads and porcupine quills, which was adjusted on his royal shoulders by the hand of the same chief who two years previously reviewed the Thirteenth Hussars with General Stisted. The young prince-chief wore his new decoration proudly, saying he would always keep it with him in England. That sash is the one appointment that leaves incomplete a certain old disused Indian costume, but the one that gave it was not here to wecome back his "brother-chief" to the Canada he loved so well.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

### How a Woman Stops a Horse Car.

The best point of vantage from which to study the idiosyncrasies and incomprehensible character throughout peculiar to the descendants of Adam's sweet consort is in the plebeian, democratic, class-levelling horse car. There you find human nature as she is, not as she has been taught to be. My lady in her coach is one person, my lady in the car sometimes quite another and a different individual. It is not from the gracious condescendency with which she accepts a seat when proffered her, though this may shed a little additional light on the obscure question; but is from the simple little gesture with which she stops the car that you deduce a statement of the equation, which, if worked out with a mathematician's cunning skill, by intricate processes, will result in solution ultimately.

You are hardly seated in the end of the car when at an up-town corner a lady yes, you know it is a lady from the delicate, high-bred grace with which she sweeps along the pavement—steps swiftly and firmly to the curb-stone, and calculating to a nicety, only surpassed by the astronomer's computations, exactly when the driver will catch her eye, she brings the car to a sudden halt with a single arresting gesture of her slender, tightly gloved hand. The decision, the command, the consciousness of authority and of the legitimacy of her orders that are mingled in that forceful gesture! The driver couldn't resist the involuntary impulse to tighten the brake if he tried. She is a decided woman and a sincere one. She couldn't say no and mean yes, not even to please the man she loved. She needs a king for a husband, but the probabilities are she will wed the ordinary kind of an individual, who is incapable of understanding her regal ways and high heroics. She won't nag him or quarrel with him, neither will she cry and pout if he scolds about the butcher's bill. She won't take off her crown for him or lower her banner to tease for things, but two or three times a year she will bring him up with a round turn by telling him what she thinks of him in a few words. But when the storm is over she doesn't want to make it the subject of continuous conversation and lamentation, but, figuratively speaking, will gather up the driftwood and make things as cheerful as possible in its blaze. She is the kind of woman a man feels like taking off his hat before. The world is better, womanhood grander, manhood nobler, because of the decided woman and her sincerity.

But the car has gone rumbling down the avenue and another woman is waiting at the corner with such a pleading, plump little hand held out coaxingly at the driver, like a pretty entreating a favor, palm upward and fingers curled. What conductor could resist the pleading of that little hand, even if the car was so crowded he had to climb up on the roof to make a place for her, if the next car was empty and half a block away, and "spotter" stood on the steps? That is the sweet woman, and she coaxes her way through life in just that cuddling, irresistible, fetching manner. No sooner is she inside the car, looking about with her big soft eyes for a place to sit, than a man's one great and horrible fear is lest some other fellow gets a chance to give her the seat before he can. And the smile she flashes in exchange for it is so sweet it fairly takes the stiffening all out of a fellow's knees and sets his heart thumping like the engines of an ocean steamer. That woman must have something to love and devote herself to, or die she will. She will probably get a big, good-natured husband, who makes a kind of a pet and plaything of her, letting her have a good cry in his arms when her new bonnet isn't becoming, or her poodle dies, or she finds out he's been playing poker. But some day John will come home with his head all rattled with a dreadful fear, and does she do any crying then? Not a bit of it. She gets into an old wrapper and some noiseless slippers, goes without food or sleep four times as long as the strongest man could endure it, makes boarders to pay the doctor's bills, and never whimpers until he is well again, when she promptly resumes her pampering, and makes John hold her while she cries because he is all well, and she is so glad.

But there's a flutter of petticoats half way up the block, a sunshade wildly tossing, a hand frantically waving. The impulsive woman wants to board the car, and can't wait a minute. To be sure, she isn't in a hurry. There's another car in sight, and she has caught her dress, tumbled out half her hairpins and put her bonnet all askew, all in a space of a minute or nothing. But she is built that way, and can't help it. We like her way, even if it is a little absurd at times, and places her in awkward predicaments and situations. She wants a thing, when she does want it, worse than any other woman can, or at least she thinks does, just as she reached the car; and only after it is over has she time to reflect that it would have been more dignified and decorous, and quite as satisfactory in the end, to have been more deliberate. Perhaps she will talk a little too loud if she meets some one she knows in the car, and laugh a little too heartily. She may tell you some night that she loves you just because you ask her to, and then write you a pitiful, penitent little note the next morning to confess she was mistaken, and will always think of you and be a sister to you.

But another little gloved hand is raised in warning signal, not once or twice, but half a dozen times, at the driver, the conductor, the people getting out of the car, and the very sun in heaven. Oh, it is the anxious woman. She is so afraid the car won't stop, "Drivers never do unless you watch them." Poor anxious woman, she is so conscientious, so faithful, so loving, if she only wasn't so busy seeing to things that she hasn't time to tell any one. And her husband doesn't appreciate it at all, he doesn't understand why she is so busy.

But a soft, clear, low whistle disturbs the sad reflections superimposed by the anxious woman, who has fidgeted herself into a seat at last, and is sorting her packages and counting her money with a perplexed frown on her white blue-veined brow. There's not a man about the corner, not a street gamin in sight, not even a messenger boy shuffling along his leisurely way, but a slim girl in a blue girl waits nonchalantly on the corner watching the car. You know just by that little naughty whistle that the girl can ride and row, swim and fence, and do a half a dozen things that her big brother does, and do them well, too. You know she will be like a brother to a friend, a jolly, good comrade, and is a comfortable sort of a girl, that won't have headaches and fainting fits at the most exciting point in the race. If just the right man doesn't find her street and number she will continue to be the smart girl that men like to talk to until her hair is white. If the right one does not come and convince her that he is the fellow she's been waiting for, if he can ride a little better than she, row a little faster, sail his yacht more skilfully, she will marry him and forget all about the funny jockey ways, and she will paint impossible daisies and love her babies like other women that are so unique and fascinating.

But there's something white waving in the air further down. It is on the woman corner. It isn't—yes it is—a baby. The woman's hands are so full she can't wave anything else but the baby, and he likes it. Careless women's babies always do like all manner of irregular things and thrive on them. Over the cobble-stones, through the mud, splash into a puddle she hurries, her face growing more crimson, her bang straighter every minute, and at last half falls, half plunges into the car, as the conductor, angry at the delay, pulls the bell rope sharply, and we trundle on again, while the careless woman drops one bundle, lets fall two more trying to secure the first, and nearly drops the baby picking up all three. It is safe to wager that she is as kind as she is careless, that her house looks as if two cyclones had held a courtship in it, but that you'll have the nicest home dinner if you drop in unexpectedly that hungry man ever devoured. Not the fancy ices and frills, but the cream gravies and thick pies and white bread that your mother used to make, and a welcome warmer than an August noon.

And so the car trundles on past the irresolute woman, who hasn't force of character to make anybody understand what she does want; picking up the old laundress, who pugnaciously puts up her big bare ignorant fist; waiting for the jaunty little miss, who gracefully tosses her hand high up to her head in very lightness of heart because the seriousness and sorrow and sin of life have not touched her sweet white soul, and so on down where the drays are crowded and curses are so angry that woman seldom ventures and sage meditations are rudely interrupted.—*N. Y. Sun.*

When my lady fair would fence,
Straight she dons a mask of iron—
O happy wires, if they have sense
To know what beauty they environ!

Next she wears a plastron stout—
Saucy square of chamois leather,
To clip her dainty form about
And drive me crazy altogether!

Once I passed inside her guard,
Armor gone the spot defending;
Her heart I touched unwitting hard,
But mine was wounded past all mending.

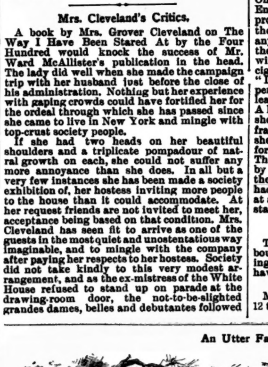
Though her challenge bravely rings,
Scarce her little foot can sound it,

And when her foil *en garde* she brings,
Her fingers barely meet around it.

So the game of love or sport,
I must lose, a luckless sinner;
Her feeble overthrows my *forte*,
And Kitty always comes out winner.

*Life.*

### Total Abstinence.



Temperance Missionary—And does your husband drink liquor?

Mrs. O'Toole—Bless y'sowl! He hasn't tiched a drap fer threes years.

T. M.—That's a good thing for you.

Mrs. O'Toole—A good thing, is it? An' me as has been a widder ever since thot day, an' wid five childer to support.—*Life.*

### Mrs. Cleveland's Critics.

A book by Mrs. Grover Cleveland on The Way I Have Been Stared At by the Four Hundred would knock the success of Mr. Ward McAllister's publication in the head. The lady did well when she made the campaign trip with her husband just before the close of his administration. Nothing but her experience with gaping crowds could have fortified her for the ordeal through which she has passed since she came to live in New York and mingle with top-crust society people.

If she had two heads on her beautiful shoulders and a triplicate pompadour of natural growth on each, she could not suffer any more annoyance than she does. In all but a very few instances she has been made a society exhibition of, her hostess inviting more people to the house than it could accommodate. At her request friends are not invited to meet her, acceptance being based on that condition. Mrs. Cleveland has seen fit to arrive as one of the guests in the most quiet and unostentatious way imaginable, and to mingle with the company after paying her respects to her hostess. Society did not take kindly to this very modest arrangement, and as the ex-mistress of the White House refused to stand up on parade at the drawing-room door, the not-to-be-slighted grandes dames, belles and debutantes followed where she led, the movements of the young lady actually swaying the crowd.

Just how she managed to withstand the cool scrutiny of these fashionable hawks must ever remain a mystery to the wall-flowers who have witnessed it. Ladies with the pride of ancestry behind them, who count themselves among the real aristocrats of America, walked up to the defenceless young woman, raised their lorgnettes and gazed at her with that cool, calculating study one might be pardoned for making of a prize Alderney in the market place marked "for sale." Not content with taking in her back hair, the cut and quality of her bodice and dress, they have actually been seen to stoop their heads for a peep at her shoes, modestly hidden from view. One lady living in Washington square made herself quite conspicuous by refusing to be introduced at a recent company given by ex-Mayor Grace. The reason given was, "I have no claim whatever on Mrs. Cleveland's courtesy, and I am too considerate to increase her annoyances." This rush to be presented, the fire of curiosity aimed through monocles and lorgnettes, and the criticisms exchanged in her hearing have had a great deal to do with the number of regrets sent by Mrs. Cleveland during the season just closed—her first in the circles of the four hundred.

To be sure, she is not unmindful of the honors that have been showered upon her, for no queen could have been more beautifully entertained and favored since the beginning of her social career, but to be obliged to stand in a salon, ball-room or library, and to hear her associates dissect her body, dress, boots, hair, intellect and all is, to say the least, uncomfortable.

These fashionable hyenas who audibly dilate on her chin, teeth and back, fancy her hair darker, her eyes lighter and her figure plumper than it is, who think she is, and that, wonder how so and so is thus, deserve to be scorned. But they are not. The gracious, unaffected lady looks patient, smiles wearily into the face of her vis-a-vis and pretends that she is indifferent. She is a bad actress, however, and too honest to dissemble, and one sees only scratch the color deepen in her face to know how keenly this effrontery on the part of her sex wounds her.—*New York World.*

### A Witty Princess.

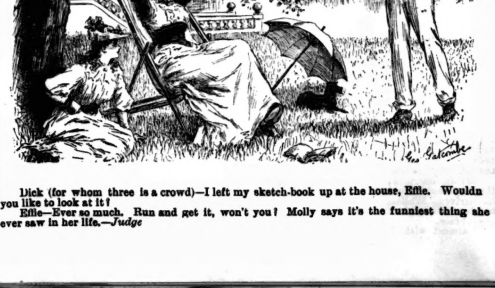
The Princess Metternich, well known for her great wit, had organized in Vienna a fancy fair in aid of one of the hospitals, and also to afford herself a little amusement, as the Princess and several other ladies were to be the saleswomen. On the day of the fancy fair an extremely rich Englishman, but as avaricious as rich, approached the noble lady's stall, and examined the different pretty things without showing any wish or intention to buy. The Princess then made her way to the gentleman, and with her most amiable smile, offered him a cigarette-case. "Many thanks," said Lord C., "I do not smoke." "Then you will take this penholder?" "I never write." "But buy at least this bonbonniere!" "I never eat sweets." A look came over the face of the princess as if she would like to say something, but she refrained, and taking up a piece of scented soap, she said: "I am afraid to offer you this soap, for fear you should reply, 'I never wash!' The poor lord seeked lady's stall, and crowned by the laughter of all present, who, to reward the witty princess for the little "business" she had transacted with the gentleman, bought up at any price all that the Princess had on her stall.

### 'Twas Ever Thus.

There never was a woman yet who ever bought vegetables from a hawker without asking "Are they good?" And there never was a hawker but said they were the very best.

Merchants' lunch, from 15c. up, served from 12 to 3 in dining-room, English Chop House.

### An Utter Failure.



Dick (for whom three is a crowd)—I left my sketch-book up at the house, Effie. Wouldn you like to look at it?

Effie—Ever so much. Run and get it, won't you? Molly says it's the funniest thing she ever saw in her life.—*Judge*

# HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

*Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.*

## CHAPTER X.

"YOU WILL BE TRUE THOUGH THE OCEAN DIVIDES US."

About four o'clock of that same day Violet entered the private parlor of her friend, Nellie Bailey, her face glowing, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Oh, you dear child!" cried that young lady, leaping to her feet and springing forward to meet her visitor, "you have come to tell me that you are going to Europe with me."

"I have come to stay all night with you if you will let me," Violet replied, returning the eager caress with which Nellie had greeted her.

"If I will 'let' you! You know I shall be only too glad to have you. But what makes you look! You surely have good news to tell me."

Violet flushed and her eyes drooped for a moment.

"Yes, I believe I shall go to Europe with you," she answered, her face dimpling with smiles, and Nellie immediately went into ecstasies over the announcement.

"I am perfectly enchanted," she cried; "and will you remain the whole year?"

"I do not know about that," Violet thoughtfully replied. "I have not set any time for my return. I shall go for three months at any rate, and I may conclude to remain longer."

"I wish you would come to Milan to study music with me," Nellie remarked wistfully.

"I imagine that Belle would not consent to that," Violet returned, "she would be afraid that we two girls would get into mischief if left to ourselves. I suppose I shall travel with Mrs. Hawley, but I will try to pay you a visit now and then if I remain any length of time."

The girls found much to talk about in anticipation of their journey, and the time went quickly and pleasantly until the dinner hour, while during the meal the family were so agreeable and entertaining—for Violet was a great favorite with them—that she forgot, for the time, the unpleasantness of the morning and her clear, happy laugh rang out with all her customary abandon.

She had not mentioned her misunderstanding with her sister, for her pride rebelled against having it known that she was not entirely happy in her home; and when, shortly after dinner, Mrs. Mencke called and asked to see Violet alone, she exercised the strictest secrecy by remarking that she supposed it was upon some matter of business.

Mrs. Mencke had been furious, upon her return home, to find how she and Sarah had both been outwitted, and she had come to Mrs. Bailey's prepared, not to apologize, but to be very severe upon the offender for her defiance of all authority.

But the sight of her happy face and sparkling eyes disarmed her, and, they passed out the affair much more lightly than Violet had dared to hope she would.

The young girl frankly acknowledged the strategy she had employed, and exonerated Sarah from all blame; but she also firmly declared that if her sister would not promise to let her alone—if she persisted in the persecution of the last few days, she would reveal to Mr. and Mrs. Bailey all that had occurred, and implore their protection and assistance in securing other guardians.

Mrs. Mencke had arrived at that point where she believed that "discretion would be the better part of valor," for she could not doubt the young sister's spirit was too strong for her, and that she would do what she had threatened; therefore, she resolved not to antagonize her further if she could avoid it.

"It was a shame, Belle, for you to lock me up like a naughty, unreasonable child, and I will not endure such treatment," Violet indignantly affirmed, in concluding the recital of her morning's experience.

"Well, well, child, I did not know what else to do with you; but let it pass, please. Perhaps it was a mistake, and we will let bygones be by-gones," Mrs. Mencke responded, in a conciliatory tone. "I am glad that you have decided in favor of the European trip, and I want you to go away feeling kindly toward me. Will you come home with me now?"

"Not to-night; I have promised Nellie that I would spend it with her; but you may send for me early to-morrow, for I suppose we shall have to be rather busy during the next three weeks."

"Very well; but, Vio, you will promise me that you will not try to——" Mrs. Mencke began, anxiously, for she could not rid herself of the fear that Violet would try to meet her lover clandestinely.

"Hush, Belle; I will promise you nothing," Violet interrupted, spiritedly. "I am a woman now—I have my own rights, and there are some things upon which you shall not trench. If there is to be peace between us you must let me entirely alone on one subject."

Mrs. Mencke made no reply to this. She told herself that strategy was the only course left open to her.

She joined the Bailey family for a little while for a social chat, after which she took her leave, promising to send the carriage for Violet at ten the next morning.

The ensuing three weeks passed rapidly, and without any further trouble between the sisters to mar their intercourse.

Mrs. Mencke endeavored, by every means in her power, to keep Violet under her own eye during this time, but once or twice the young girl managed to evade her vigilance. Whether she met Wallace or not she had no means of ascertaining, but she felt that she should be truly thankful and relieved of a heavy burden when the ocean divided them.

The day of sailing drew nigh and the voyagers, accompanied by several friends, repaired to New York, where they were to take a steamer belonging to the White Star Line.

When they all went aboard the vessel, on the morning of the 10 h, Mrs. Mencke was both amazed and dismayed to see Wallace Richardson advance and greet Violet with all the assurance of an accepted suitor; while the young girl herself, though her face lighted up joyously as she caught sight of him, did not seem in the least surprised to find him there.

The fact was, Wallace had told Violet that he had a call to go to New York on business, and he would arrange to be there at the time that she sailed.

If locks could have annihilated him he would at once have vanished forever from the sight of men; but as he met Mrs. Mencke's angry glance he courteously lifted his hat and bowed, and then went on with his conversation with Violet.

Of course it would not do to make a scene in such a conspicuous place, and the enraged woman was obliged to curb her passion; but she thanked the fates that Violet was going so far away, and she vowed that it would be a long while before she returned.

She intended to keep the young couple under her eye until the steamer started, but in the confusion which everywhere prevailed, they managed to slip out of sight before she was aware of it, and after that she could only wait for them.

They were not far away, however, and their security lay in this very fact. They had simply stepped between a couple of stacks of baggage for a few last words to each other, while they became oblivious of everything save the thought of their approaching separation.

"My darling, it is hard to let you go—harder than I thought it would be, now that the time has arrived," Wallace said, as he took both her hands in his and looked tenderly into her sorrowful face.

"I almost wish I could not go, after all," Violet faltered, as the hot tears rushed into her eyes. "I will stay, even now, if you will tell me I may," she concluded, resolutely.

"No, love; that would be unwise, and I know it is better that you should go—better for you, better for me," he replied.

"But I shall come back in three months," Violet said, with an air of decision. "I could not stay away from you longer than that."

"If you feel that you must, I will not oppose it, dear," the young man returned, tenderly. "Still, if you can be contented to remain a year, I believe it would be a good plan for you to do so. Meantime I will do my utmost to attain a position which shall warrant me in claiming this dear hand when you return."

"I shall write to you by every steamer, Wallace, and you will be sure to answer as regularly," Violet pleaded.

"Indeed I shall, and I am promising myself a great deal of pleasure from our correspondence—more, in fact, than I have yet known, for our clandestine meetings have been very galling to me. I never like to do anything that is not perfectly open and straightforward." Wallace said, gravely.

"Neither do I," returned Violet; "but we were driven to it."

"True, and therefore I feel that it was justifiable. They, your guardians, would have separated us if they could; but this faithful little heart could not be wrung from its allegiance; and, my darling, I am sure you will still be true to me, even though the ocean divides us."

Violet's fingers closed over his with a convulsive, almost a painful clasp.

"Always; nothing—no one could ever tempt me from my faith to you, Wallace," she huskily murmured. "Oh!" she cried, with a sudden start, as a warning whistle blew, "does that mean that you must go?"

"Yes, within five minutes," he replied. "And now, my heart's queen, no one can see us; therefore give me just one parting kiss, and that must be your token to me of your

# A LIFE SENTENCE

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Cynthia had, as Sabina suspected, gone straight to her father when she left Russell square. Some time before he had let her know that he was still in England, and had sent her his address, warning her however not to visit him, unless she was obliged to do so. On this occasion she had almost forgotten his warning; she went to him as a child often goes to its parents, more for comfort than for absolute protection; and he was astonished, as well as alarmed, when she flung herself into his arms and wept over his shoulder, calling him now and then by all sorts of endearing names, but refusing to explain to him the reason of her visit or of her grief.

"It's not that man that you're fond of, is it, my dearie? He hasn't played you false, has he?"

"No, father, no—not in the way you mean."

"He ain't worse—dying or anything?"

"O, no!"—with a sudden contraction of the heart, which might have told her how dear Hubert was to her still.

"Then you're quarreled?"

"I suppose we have," said Cynthia, with an unnatural hysterical laugh. "O, yes—we have quarrelled, and we shall never see each other any more!"

"In that case, my girl, you'd better cast in your lot with me. Shall we leave England to-morrow?"

Cynthia was silent for a moment.

"Is it safer for you to go or to stay, father?"

"Well, it's about equal," said Westwood, cheerfully. "They're watching the ports, I understand: so maybe I should have a difficulty in getting off. On the other hand, I'm pretty certain that the landlady here suspects me; and I thought of making tracks early to-morrow morning, Cynthia, my dear, if you have no objection to an early start."

"Anything you please, dear father.

"We're safest in London, I think," said Westwood, thoughtfully; "but I think that I shall try to get out of the country as soon as I can. I am afraid it is no good to follow up my clue, Cynthia; I can't find out anything more about Mrs. Vane."

Cynthia gave a little shiver, and then clung to him helplessly; she could not speak.

"O sometimes thought," her father continued, "that your young man—Mr. Lepel—knew more than he chose to say. I've sometimes wondered whether—knowing me to be your father and all that, Cynthia—there might not be a chance of getting him to tell the truth, supposing that I went to him and threw myself on his—his generosity, so to speak? Do you think he'd give me up, Cynthy?"

"No, father—I don't think he would."

"It might be worth trying. A bold stroke succeeds sometimes where a timid one might fail. He's ill, you say, still, isn't he?"

Cynthia thought of the fall that she had heard as she left the room.

"Yes," she answered almost inaudibly; "he has been very ill, and he is not strong yet."

"And you've left him all the same!" said her father, regarding her curiously. "There must have been something serious—eh, my lass?"

"Oh, father, don't ask me!"

"Don't you care for him now then, my girl?" said Westwood, with more tenderness than he usually showed.

"I don't know—I don't know! I think I—I hate him; but I cannot be sure."

"It's his fault then! He's done something bad!"

"Very bad!" cried poor Cynthia, hiding her face.

"And you can't forgive him!"

"Not—not till he has made amends!" said the girl, with a passionate sob.

Her father sat looking at her with a troubled face.

"If your mother hadn't forgiven me many and many a time, Cynthia," he said at last, "I should have gone to destruction long before she died. But as long as ever she lived she kept me straight."

"She was your wife," said Cynthia, in a choked voice. "I am not Hubert's wife—and I never shall be now. Never mind, father; we were right to separate, and I am glad that we have done it. Now will you tell me where you are thinking of going, or if you have made any plans?"

Westwood shook his head.

"I've got no plans, my dear—except to slip out at the door early to-morrow morning. Where I go next I am sure I don't know."

Cynthia resolutely banished the thought of her own affairs, and set herself to consider possibilities. Her mind reverted again and again to the Jenkins family, their connection with Hubert made it seem a little dangerous to have anything to do with them at present; and yet Cynthia was inclined to trust Tom Jenkins very far. He was thoroughly honest and true, and he was devoted to her service; but, after some reflection, she abandoned this idea. If she and her father were to be together, she had better seek some place where her own face was unknown and her father's history forgotten. After a little consideration, she remembered some people whom she had heard of in the days of her engagement at the Frivolity. They let lodgings in an obscure street in Clerkenwell; and, as they were quiet, inoffensive folk, Cynthia thought that she and her father might be as safe with them as elsewhere. She did not urge her father to leave England at present; for she had a vague feeling that she ought not to cut him off from the chance—a feeble chance, but still a chance—of being cleared by Hubert Lepel's confession. She had not much hope; and yet it seemed to her possible that Hubert might abandon his secret at last, and that she could but hope that, having confessed to her, he might also confess to the world at large, and show that Westwood was an innocent and deeply-injured man.

She stayed the night, sleeping on a little sofa in the sitting-room; but early the next day they went out together, making one of the early morning "flittings" to which Westwood was accustomed; and Cynthia took her father to his new lodgings in Clerkenwell.

For some days she did not go out again. Excitement and the shock of Hubert's confession had for once disorganized her splendid health. She felt strangely weak and ill, and lay in her bed without eating or speaking, her face turned to the wall, her head throbbing, her hands and feet deathly cold. Westwood watched her anxiously and wanted her to have a doctor, but Cynthia refused all medical advice. She was only worn out with nursing, she said, and needed a long rest; she would be better soon.

One day, when she had got up, but had not yet ventured out of doors, her father came into her room with a bunch of black grapes which he had brought for her to eat.

"How good you are, father!" Cynthia said gratefully.

She took one to please him; but she did not seem inclined to eat. She was sitting in a wooden chair by the window, looking pale and listless. There were dark shadows under her eyes and a sad expression about her mouth; one would scarcely have known her again for the brilliant beauty who had carried all before her when she sang in London drawing rooms not three months earlier.

Her father looked at her with sympathetic attention.

"You want cockering up," he said, "and coddling and waiting on. When once we get out of this darned old country, you shall see something different, my girl! I've got money enough to do the thing in style when we reach the States. You shall have all you want there, and no mistake!"

"Thank you, father," said the girl, with a listless smile.

"I've had a long walk to-day," Westwood said, after a pause, "and I've been into what you would call danger, my girl. Ah, that rouses you up a bit, doesn't it? I've been to Russell Square."

"To Russell Square!" Cynthia's face turned crimson at once. "Oh, father, did you see—did you hear—"

"Did I hear of Mr. Lepel? That's what I went for, my beauty! In spite of your quarrel, I thought you'd maybe like to hear how he was getting on. I talked to the gardener a bit; Mr. Lepel's been ill again, you know."

"A relapse?" said Cynthia, quickly.

"Yes, a relapse. They've had a hospital nurse for him, I hear. He's not raving now, they say, but very weak and stupid-like.

"Have none of his friends come to nurse him?" said Cynthia.

"I don't know that. The gardener wouldn't hear that, maybe. He said there'd been a death in the family—some child or other. Would that be General Vane's little boy, do you suppose?"

"It might be."

"Then Miss Vane will be the heiress. She and Mr. Lepel——" He hesitated for a moment, and Cynthia looked up.

"Miss Vane is going to marry Mr. Evandale, father. She is not engaged to Mr. Lepel now."

"Oh! Not engaged to Mr. Lepel now? Then what the dickens," said Westwood very deliberately, "did you and Mr. Lepel quarrel about, I should like to know?"

"I can't tell you, father. Nothing to do with that, however."

"I expect it was all a woman's freak. I had made up my mind for you to marry that fellow, Cynthia. I rather liked the looks of him. I'd have given you a thumping dowry and settled him out in America, if you'd liked. It would have been better than the life of a newspaper-man in London any day."

Cynthia did not answer. Her face wore a look of settled misery which made Westwood uncomfortable. He went on doggedly.

"When he gets better, I think I shall go and see him about this. I've no mind to see my girl break her heart before my eyes. You know you're fond of him. Why make such a mystery of it? Marry him, and make him sorry for his misdeeds afterwards. That's my advice."

Cynthia's hands began to tremble in her lap. She said nothing however, and Westwood did not pursue the subject. But a few days later she asked him a question which showed what was weighing on her mind.

"Father, what do you think about forgiveness? We ought to forgive those that have injured us, I suppose? They always said so at St. Elizabeth's."

"Up to a certain point, I think, my girl. It's no good forgiving them that are not sorry for what they've done. It would go to my heart not to punish a rascal that robbed me and laughed in my face afterwards, you know. But, if I've reason to think that he's repented and tried to make amends, why, then, I think a man's a fool who doesn't say, 'All right, old fellow—try again and good luck to you!'"

"Make amends! But if the wrong is said" Cynthia, in a very low voice.

"Well, it is and it isn't," said her father, sturdily. "Making amends is a pretty difficult matter sometimes. The best way sometimes is to put all that's been bad behind you and start again fresh without meddling with the old affairs. Of course it's pretty hard to tell whether a man's repentant or whether he is not."

He knew very well that she was thinking of Hubert Lepel, and was therefore all the more cautious and all the more gentle in what he said. For he had gone over to Hubert's side in the absence of any precise knowledge as to what the quarrel had been about. "A woman's sure to be in the wrong!" he said to himself—hence his advice.

"But, if one is sure—quite sure—that a man repents," said Cynthia faltteringly, "or at least that he is sorry, and if the wrong is not so much to oneself, but to somebody else that is dear to one, then——"

"If you care enough to worry about the man, forgive him, and have done with it!" said her father. "Now look here, Cynthy—let's have no beating about the bush! I think I know pretty well what's happening. Mr. Lepel knows something about that murder business—I am pretty sure of that. You think, rightly or wrongly, that he could have cleared me if he had tried. Well, maybe so—maybe not; I can't tell. But, my dear, I don't want you to bother your head about me. If you're fond of the fellow, you needn't let my affairs stand in your way. Why, as a matter of fact, I'm better off now than I should ever have been in England, so what seemed to be a misfortune has turned out to my advantage. I'm content enough. Mr. Lepel has held his tongue, you say" though Cynthia had not uttered a single word; "but I reckon it was for his sister's sake. And, though she's a bad lot, I don't see how a man could tell of his sister, Cynthy—I don't indeed. So you go back to Mr. Lepel and tell him not to bother himself. I can take care of myself now, and all this rubbish about clearing my character may as well be knocked on the head. As soon as I'm out of the country, I don't care a rap! You tell that to Mr. Lepel, my beauty, and make it up with him. I wouldn't for the world that you should be unhappy because I've been unfortunate."

This was a long speech for Westwood; and Cynthia came and knelt down by his shoulders and laid her cheek to his long before he had finished.

"Dear father," she said, "you are very good and very generous!"

"Confess now, Cynthy—you love him, don't you?" said Westwood, with unusual gentleness.

"I am afraid I do, father," she said, crying as she spoke.

"Then be faithful to him, my lass, like your mother was to me."

They said no more. But Cynthia brooded over her father's words for the next days and nights. Then she came to him one day with her hat and cloak on, as if she were going for a walk.

"Father," she began abruptly, "do you allow me to go to Hubert—to see him, I mean?"

"O! course I do, my dear."

"Although you believe what you said—and what I did not say—that he could have cleared you if he had tried?"

"Yes, my dear—if you love him."

"Yes, I love him," said Cynthia sadly.

"I'm going to sail next Saturday, I'll never be troubled by one again," said her father. "You can either stay with him, Cynthia, or he can come out with us. Out there we can all forget what's over and done. You go to him and tell him so at once."

He kissed her on the forehead with unaccustomed solemnity, and she flung her arms round his neck and gave him a warm embrace.

The eyes of both father and daughter were wet as they said good bye.

Cynthia knew nothing of Mrs. Vane's visit to London. She expected to meet a trained nurse only, and Mr. Jenkins—Sabina Medford's uncle, the doctor perhaps beside, but no one else. She set forth at an hour which would enable her to reach the house when Hubert was likely to be up and dressed, if he were able to leave his bed. She did not know what she was going to say to him—what line she was about to take; she only knew that she could not bear to be away from him any longer, and that love and forgiveness were the two thoughts uppermost in her mind.

She was not aware that her father had considered it unfit for her to go alone to Russell square. He had followed her all the way from Clerkenwell, and was in the square immediately behind herself. When she mounted the steps and rang the bell, he crossed the road and walked along the pavement by the gardens in the middle of the square. Here he fancied he should be unobserved. He saw the door opened; he saw Cynthia speaking to the footman of the servant. Then she went in, and the door was shut.

He waited for some time. Presently a man whom he knew to be the faithful Jenkins, appeared on the steps of the house and looked about him. Then he crossed the road and advanced to Westwood, who was leaning against the railings.

"Mr. Reuben Dare, I think?" he said, touching his hat respectfully. Westwood turned at the sound of that name. "Miss West and Mr. Lepel want to know if you will kindly come upstairs. They have a word or two to say, and they hope that you will not fail to come."

Westwood smiled to himself—a rather peculiar smile.

"All right," he said; "if they want me to come, I'll come. But I think they had both better have let me stay away."

Nevertheless he followed Jenkins to the house.

*(To be Continued.)*

### Garrulous Wisdom.

I know a wonder run in—my neighbor he
He's ripe in years, and great in understanding.
He's versed in art, and in phil-osophy
He shows a mind that's verily commanding.

He'll stand before a painting, and without
A single instant's thought, or hesitation,
He'll tell the painter's name nor any doubt
Is there he gives the proper information.

The rocks, the hills and valleys, hold from him
No secret that is past a man's revealing.
He knows not only some are stout and others slim;
He comprehends all kinds of human feeling.

The records of the stars he knows, and each
Remote that round about the heavens lingers.
At dinner-time he of delights to preach
On which was made the first, or forks or fingers.

Indeed all things he knows, or high or low—
The things that fly on wing, or go a walking—
Except one thing he never seems to know,
And that's when he should stop his endless talking.

*Harper's Bazar.*

### Bonanza Mackay's Wife.

Mrs. Mackay will return to Europe the latter part of next month accompanied by her liege lord, according to New York *Truth*. Mrs. Mackay is nothing if not Parisian. Although intending now to summer in London, I doubt not but that August will find her back in Paris. Mrs. Mackay finds herself at the top of the American colony in Paris, besides being hobnobby with a few really good Parisiennes, and if they (the Parisiennes) are not wealthy, what of that? Is not one's money only one's money? Mrs. Mackay cannot get far in London; she stops at Marlborough House every time. Sandringham is, shall and ever will be, a beautiful prison-age to her; but what of that? We cannot have everything in this world. A woman whose boys are decent lads, who can live peacefully with an indulgent husband, who has got millions of dollars at her command, cannot have the moon. If Mrs. Mackay, however, is not in it; the game isn't exciting nor fine enough for her. It must be Royalty or nothing. Her reception in 'Frisco, despite the slangings she got behind her back, was servile in the extreme. She was called on by her worst enemies, and be it said to her credit that she received the hypocrites by salutations on both cheeks. Mr. Mackay is a man who cares little for this world's festivities, but he knows how to look after his own money, an undertaking that must of necessity take up much of his time. It is one thing to run on a bit of rare luck, and it is quite another thing to increase the nest egg by sagacious management, doing away with gilt-edged secretaries, and the lawyers. If Englishmen had fewer men of business to look after their estates, they might be spared the painful alternative of marrying foreign money, as so many have done.

### A Moving Mountain.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to a hight of almost 2 000 feet above the water.

That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it; yet it is a well established fact, that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades of the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains hereabouts, long before white men came to Oregon, and the early settlers, immigrants, many of them from New England, gave the above-described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling mountain," or "sliding mountain."

In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. Large tree stubs can be seen standing deep in the water on this shore. The railway engineers and the trackmen find that the line of the railroad which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the roadbed and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in the course of a few years.

Geologists attribute this phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which constitutes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate, or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, so that this softer subrock is of itself yielding, at great depths, to the enormous weight of the harder material above.—*The Astorian.*

### Slight-of-Hand.

"Isn't it funny that a man could steal a hundred thousand dollars from a firm and yet have his books so fixed that the firm couldn't discover the loss?"

"Well, you know Johnson always was clever at ledger-demain."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

### The Country Safe.

First Citizen—I begin to feel as if there was some hope for this country, after all.

Second Citizen—Well! well! What has happened?

First Citizen—I just saw a Sunday-school boy thrashing a street hoodlum.

### She Didn't Say Anything.

De Gillie—Bobby, did your mother make any derogatory remarks about my singing after I went home the other night?

Bobby—N-n-n-no, she didn't make any derogatory remarks.

De Gillie—I'm glad to hear that.

Bobby—But she nearly died laughing.

### A Few Pointers.

If you are tall and she is short, you must stand erect, draw her close to your side, bend your head somewhat so that your lips will rest realgently on her forehead, place her right hand on your shoulder, then your left arm around her waist. By this time her left hand will be snugly imprisoned in your right hand. She will raise her face to look up at you. Draw your arm for a moment from around her waist and gently tip her head backward and to the side, then—well, that is one way.

The other is, if she is tall and you are short, stand on your toes, not on her toes, mind. Draw her head down nicely until her lips are on a level with your forehead. By that time your lips will be on a level with her diamond collar-button. You will look up to her, of course. Your eyes, from their proximity to her lips, will read what she is about to say. If their motion bodes any good, then it is safe for you to make the exertion. If they bode evil, why *a la* Aunt Bridget, "stay where you are, stay were you are." This is the other way.

Next, if you are both of the same height and proportions, you will—but there, space is valuable.—*St. Louis Critic.*

### A Trade Combination.

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked of the tramp.

"I am a-working, lady."

"At what? You show no signs of it."

"No matter for that, mum. I'm a-working as a traveling adver. for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card, and my pardner around the corner represents the 'After Using' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."—*Philadelphia Times.*

### Almost a Hint.

Gentleman Visitor—It seems to me that I have forgotten something.

Lady—Yes, you have forgotten to go home.—*Texas Siftings.*

### Only Temporary.

Tom—You are such a modest, good girl, Jenny, that I'm afraid I'm not worthy of you.

Jenny—Don't let that worry you, Tom; it's only temporary.

### Classified.

Housekeeper (to tramp)—Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Can't get work.

"There is plenty to be done."

"None that I can do."

"Haven't you any trade?"

"No'm."

"No business or profession of any kind?"

"No'm."

"Didn't you ever have?"

"No'm."

"Poor fellow! I see what the matter is. You had a rich father."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

### Hard to Please.

Servant—I come to give notice that I am going to quit.

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I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health.—Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

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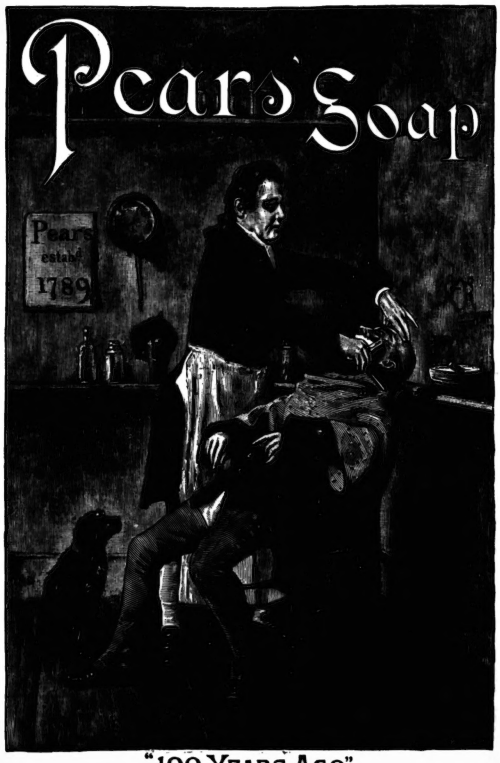



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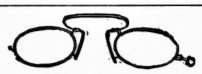

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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

daughter will spend the summer there with friends.

•

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich of St. George street have gone to Muskoka for the summer months.

•

Miss Parsons gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Tuesday afternoon.

•

Mrs. A. Rice of Bloor street has returned to the city after a six weeks' visit in New York and Rochester.

•

The Granite Curling Club gave a smoking concert in the rink last evening.

•

On Thursday, June 5, Miss Ethel Martin, daughter of Mr. Edward Martin, Q.C., of Hamilton, was married to Mr. E. Baldwin of this city. The ceremony was performed in the Cathedral at Hamilton by Bishop Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Canon Sutherland and Rev. R. T. Nichol.

•

Col. Hanchett of New York is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Anderson, on Sherbourne street.

•

Mrs. Charles Parsons of Parklands, Queen's Park, has gone to Cobourg to stay with relatives.

•

Miss Geddes of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edward Jones, Church street, left town last week.

•

Mrs. C. H. Greene of 109 St. George street gave an enjoyable dinner party on Friday evening of last week, at which there were a dozen guests.

•

Mrs. W. J. Douglas of 64 St. Albans street is visiting in Boston.

•

Miss Grace Spratt of New York is staying with her sister, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Cecil street.

•

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Winn and Mr. J. Gordon Jones sailed last Saturday from Quebec for Europe on a three months' trip.

•

Mr. Remy Elmslie left for his English home last week after a stay in this city of a couple of months.

•

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of the Imperial Bank here has been promoted to the position of accountant of the bank at Galt. Mr. Hopkins has earned a more than Canadian reputation as a writer and speaker, and it is to be hoped his efforts on behalf of Imperial Federation will capture Galt. Socially he will be missed here and welcomed in his new home.

•

The late Prof. Boys, of whom we were all so fond, left his old colleague, Rev. William Clark of Trinity College, his literary executor and a memorial volume of his poems will be issued shortly by the Sheppard Publishing Company if four or five hundred copies are subscribed for. The price in paper covers will be twenty-five or thirty cents. Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. Clark or direct to the office for publication.

•

Mr. Henry Ince and family of St. George street have gone to Niagara for the summer months.

•

The first annual games of the Toronto Church School were held on the Rosedale Lacrosse grounds on Friday last and were a decided success. Great credit is due to the committee who worked hard to make the games a success. Mr. P. W. Powell won the championship cup which was given by Mayor Clarke. At the conclusion of the games the Lord Bishop of Toronto presented the prizes on the grounds.

•

Among those who had seats on the grand stand were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Cawthra, Rev. Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, the Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Toronto, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Holmested, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lockart Gordon, Rev. R. C. Caswell, the Misses Lamport, the Misses Heward, Miss Crawford, Miss Henderson, Miss McDermont, Miss McMurry, the Misses Lea, Miss Gray, Miss Archer, the Misses Birchall, the Misses Kemp, the Misses Osler, Mrs. and Miss Hooper, Miss Hughes, Miss B. Thompson, the Misses Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mrs. and Miss Wallis, Principal and Mrs. Preer, Miss Davies, Miss Barnnet, Miss Gimson, Mr. Strathy of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. MacDougall, Mr. E. D. Armour, Canon DuMoulin, Miss Burnside, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mr. Grant Stewart, the Misses Housman and a number of young ladies of Bishop Strachan School.

•

Miss Gamble of London, England, formerly of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Greey, Bloor street east.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Queen's Park, returned to town on Monday, after spending a couple of weeks in Boston and New York.

•

Mrs. Frank Arnoldi and Mrs. Clarence Whitney were At Home at 37 North street, on Tuesday, June 10, between 4 and 7 o'clock, to a large circle of friends.

•

An engagement is announced between Mr. Thomas Tait, the popular local manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway in this city, and Miss Emmie Cockburn, only daughter of Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P.

•

Mrs. W. J. Douglass of 64 St. Albans street is home again from a fortnight's trip to Boston.

•

The formal opening of the Popular Mondays of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, Front street west, took place under the patronage of the fashionable world of Toronto on Monday of this week. Refreshments were served in the summer house, and among the faces gathered around were noticed Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Miss Fannie Small, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Shanly, Mr. Thomas Tait, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Miss Castle, Messrs. Small, Mrs. and

(Continued on Page Twelve.)


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We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

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FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

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Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

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IN MATCHLESS VARIETY.

EXQUISITE NEW DESIGNS, AND IN THE FASHIONABLE SHADES.

Our prices in all our grades are fully 25 per cent. lower than ever before.

ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street

# Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

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170 King Street West - - Toronto

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334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

Our Jewelry sales are four times more than three months ago. You are beginning to partly understand the advantages we bring you. If you will study our Catalogue and Price List it will pay you better than any other work you do. Sent free on application. We have recently added to our stock the best Coffee Mills made in the world, and we sell them at 48c., regular price $1; 65c., regular price $1.25; 84c., regular price $1.50. You can afford to have your coffee fresh ground. On our Bargain Tables—A lot of stamped trays, 4c. each; Quart Dippers 4c.; bowls, two sizes, 2c. and 3c.; Dish Pans, 5c., &c.

Our Agate Ironware at closest wholesale prices is popular. Tea Pots, 58c., regular price $1; balance of list same percentage. Store open Monday and Saturday evenings. Closes other evenings at six. Come and see us.

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Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

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WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

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# WM. BEATTY & SON

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CHENILLE CURTAINS at $18.50 per pair, reduced to $12.00 cash, and other lines equally low.

ODDFELLOWS and MASONIC CARPETS reduced from $1.00 per yard to 75c. cash.

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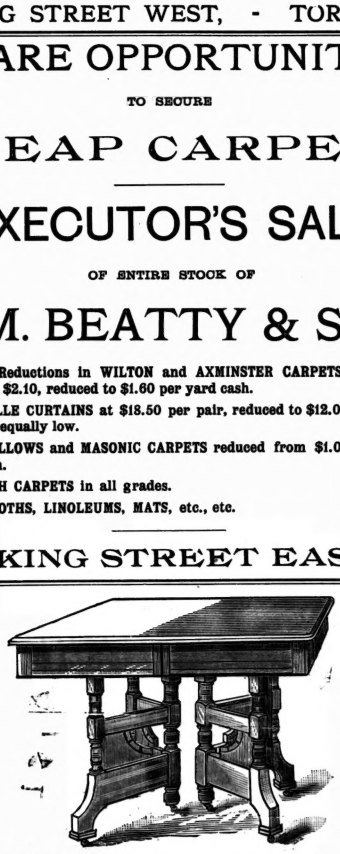

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The C. F. Adams Home-Furnishing House

177 Yonge Street, 4 Doors North of Queen

## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Miss Brough, Mr. Hollyer, Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bromley Davenport and many others.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horrocks have returned to town from their wedding trip and have taken up housekeeping on Shaw street near College street. Mrs. Horrocks is receiving this week.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pellatt and family of 349 Sherbourne street have gone up to their summer residence at Orillia.

•

Mrs. Parsons of Queen's Park is visiting relations in Cobourg.

•

The marriage of Mr. Harry Buckland and Miss Dill of Simcoe street is to take place on Friday, June 27, at the residence of the bride's father.

•

Mrs. Henry John Boulton and the Misses Boulton of St. Vincent street are expected home, in September, from Germany, where they have been spending the last two years.

•

Mr. and Mrs. John Small go to Europe on July 2.

•

Mr. A. Claude F. Boulton will spend a couple of months in Europe, leaving early in July.

•

There was a quiet wedding in St. Michael's Cathedral on Monday morning last when Mr. N. J. Clark of the Ontario Bureau of Statistics took to wife Miss Emily Ryan. The bride was assisted by her sisters, Misses Minnie and Lucy Ryan, while the best man was the bride's brother, Mr. C. M. Ryan. Mr. and Mrs. Clark left by boat on a trip to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York.

•

Next Thursday evening there will be given an attractive entertainment in the Victoria Rink, Huron street, in aid of the Protestant Orphans' Home. Mrs. E. Fraser Blackstock, so well and favorably known in our musical circles, will conduct a cafe chantant, many of our worthy talented amateurs having promised her their assistance. Mesdames J. K. Kerr, Fitzgibbon, Albert Nordheimer, H. K. Merritt and John Cawthra will preside at the flower table, while ice cream and strawberries will be dispensed at an adjoining table by Mrs. Robert Darling, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. W. Hope and Mrs. Donald Ridout. By kind permission of Col. Dawson and the officers the band of the Royal Grenadiers will play selections during the evening. For those anxious to know their future, a gipsy tent will be provided under management of Mrs. Armstrong.

•

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Mollie Merrick to Mr. David B. Layton. The ceremony will be performed in St. Michael's on Wednesday, June 18, at five o'clock.

•

The officers and members of McKinley Loyal Orange Lodge No. 275 give an At Home on Friday evening, June 20, in Victoria Hall.

•

A grand fancy carnival ball will be given at the Toronto Art Gallery on the evening of Tuesday, July 1.

•

Mrs. B. R. Nicholson, long and popularly known in Toronto musical circles as Miss Berryman, has left the city to spend the summer at Quebec. Mrs. Nicholson's last public appearance was at the concert of Miss Hillary's Choral Club, at which her charming renditions were much admired.

•

### The Spanish Washerwoman.

Ten thousand women souse and beat the linen of Madrid in the scant waters of the Manzanares every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares lavenderas are permitted to labor as laundresses, and for three miles up and down the stream they work in groups. Each lavendera brings her own huge roll of bread, and perhaps a bit of cheese; and, just before noon, they breakfast in great wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee, with a measure of red wine, dunlicating this meal as a dinner at four in the afternoon. They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and any kindly disposed passer may dance with them, until the thirty minutes allowed them for food and amusement have expired. On these occasions everyone dances, girls of eighteen and women of eighty, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting.


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Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

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At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—37 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street


## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

CRICKMORE—At Springfield-on-the-Credit, on June 9, Mrs. Edwin Crickmore—a son.

HAY—At Cobourg, Ont., on June 9, Mrs. J. Hay—a daughter.

SPENCE—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. F. S. Spence—a daughter.

SPENCE—At Toronto, on June 1, Mrs. George Spence—a daughter.

ROSS—At Erie, Penn., on June 1, Mrs. Herbert C. Ross—a daughter.

LESTER—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. T. Lester—a daughter.

BALDWIN—On June 9, Mrs. D. C. Baldwin—a son.

CROWLY—At Toronto, on June 7, Mrs. J. M. Crowly—a daughter.

GRAHAM—At Brampton, on June 6, Mrs. E. G. Graham—a daughter.

GORDON—At Toronto, on June 5, Mrs. Colin F. Gordon—a daughter.

### Marriages.

ARNOLD—BISNETT—At Chatham, on June 4, Orville M. Arnold, Barrister, of Toronto, to Mary Elizabeth Bisnett of Blenheim, Ont.

PARKER—BROWN—At the Elm Street Church of New Jerusalem, on June 11, by Rev. G. L. Allbutt, H. W. Parker to Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Brown, both of Toronto.

WATT—PATTISON—At Fergus, on June 5, Malcolm McKenzie Watt of Montreal to Stella Elizabeth Pattison.

CLARK—EVERETT—At Toronto, on June 7, James Clark of Montreal to Rose R. Everett.

HOOPER—HOBBS—At Toronto, on June 3, William J. Hooper to Rebecca Hobbs.

LEISHMAN—McGREGOR—At Winnipeg, Man., on June 4, William H. Leishman of Montreal to Emily Gray McGregor.

MACGILLIVRAY—CURRIE—At Collingwood, on June 4, Archibald Macgillivray to Isabella Currie.

CLARK—RYAN—At Toronto, on June 9, Nicholas J. Clark to Emilie Teresa Ryan.

TINNING—PHILLIPS—At Toronto, on June 7, Frank T. Tinning to Jessie Phillips.

HOLYOAKE—PEGG—At Kolapore, on June 3, Philip R. Holyoake of Toronto to Ruth Pegg.

BALDWIN—MARTIN—At Hamilton, on June 5, Lawrence Hayden Baldwin of Toronto to Ethel Mary Sylvia Martin.

GREEN—PRINGLE—At Toronto, on June 4, William Green to Jessie Edith Pringle.

HEMMING—McFEE—At Montreal, on June 3, Henry K. S. Hemming to Louisa McFee.

ROUGH—MACDONALD—At Toronto, on June 10, Alex. Rough of Montreal to Edith Macdonald.

CLARK—GORDON—At Toronto, on June 9, J. Murray Clark to Greta H. Gordon.

MURDOCH—ECKHARDT—At Beamsville, on June 10, Andrew Murdoch of Hamilton to Ella May Eckhardt.

HILL—O'CALLAGHAN—At Toronto, on June 3, Edward W. R. Hill to Frances Ellie O'Callaghan.

KNUDSEN—BARRETT—At Toronto, on June 4, William O. Knudsen of Alabama to Florence D. Barrett.

MITCHELL—KING—At Toronto, on June 4, Rev. A. E. Mitchell, B. A., of Waterloo to Alice E. King.

RACEY—CHANDLER—At St. John, N. B., on June 4, W. R. Racey of Woodstock, N. B., to F. Helen Chandler of Moncton.

SYMINGTON—COX—At Toronto, on June 3, Thomas Symington to Clara Eva Cox.

TURNER—MITCHELL—At Hamilton, on June 4, Walter Turner to Louie Mitchell.

WARNOCK—BLAIN—At Galt, on June 4, James Edward Warnock to Minnie Amelia Blain.

WISSLER—FOOTE—At Elora, on June 4, Henry Wissler to Barbara M. Foote.

SOMERVILLE—McCALLUM—At Owen Sound, on June 4, John Somerville to Christina J. McCallum.

### Deaths.

RAMSAY—At Newmarket, on June 2, Mrs. Anna Maria Ramsay, aged 78 years.

SPALDING—At Toronto, on June 3, Huldah Anne Spalding, aged 60 years.

BOICE—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams Boice.

MALONEY—At Toronto, on June 5, Deborah Maloney.

NEWSOM—At Orono, on June 4, Mrs. Ellen Newsom, aged 58 years.

WALLACE—At Port Hope, on June 8, William B. Wallace, aged 45 years.

MAPES—At Headford, on June 8, infant son of Walter and Sarah Mapes, aged 2 months.

LESLIE—At Newtonville, on June 7, George Purkis Leslie, aged 10 years.

MIDDLEMISS—At Ingersoll, on June 1, Alexander Middlemiss, aged 26 years.

REDDICK—On June 4, J. W. Reddick, aged 40 years.

BICKFORD—At Dundas, on June 5, youngest child of Charlotte and the late Henry Bickford, aged 1 year.

BAILEY—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, aged 31 years.

KENNEDY—At Buffalo, N.Y., on June 3, Mrs. Charles Kennedy, aged 39 years.

PRINGLE—At Galt, on June 7, only child of Arthur and Alice Pringle.

KAY—At Goderich, on June 4, Harry J. Kay, aged 27 years.

HODGSON—At Toronto, on June 9, James Hodgson, aged 78 years.

SHEPPARD—At Toronto, on June 7, infant son of Robert N. and Edith Sheppard, aged 1 year.

MILLAR—At Woodville, on June 4, Mrs. George Willis Millar, aged 58 years.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on June 7, Mrs. Samuel Thompson, aged 46 years.

BALL—At Toronto, on June 7, Mrs. Mary Ball.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on June 8, infant daughter of Edward F. and Charlotte E. Clarke.

ABBOTT—At Toronto, on June 8, Isaac Abbott, aged 16 years.

BUCKLEY—At Toronto, on June 8, Michael Buckley.

BROWN—At Toronto, on June 8, infant daughter of Charles and Mary Brown, aged 1 year.


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ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK
Special Lines, Heavy Wiltons, $1.57, worth $1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, $1, worth $1.25. Good Brussels, 90c., worth $1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 65c., worth 85. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Mattings, etc.
CURTAIN STOCK
Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades.
A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from $9 to $6; still lower, $6 to $4; Choice Curtains at $2, $2.50 and $3.50 per pair.
Window Shades to order, all styles. Art Screens, Poles, etc.
Special attention given to Art Draperies.
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*50 pieces Tweed effects in brown, lizard, gray and other favorite shades, clearing at 8c. per yard, worth 22½c.*
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*Parasols, Prints and Sateen tables teeming with bargains. See them at*
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There is much here to delight the eye.
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Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from $2.50 to $12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city
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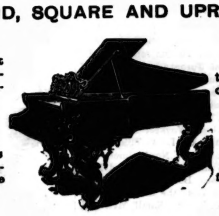
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